McKean County Miner.

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SATURDAY'S TORNADO

SMETHPORT VISITED BY THE WORST STORM IN ITS HISTORY SATURDAY NIGHT---COUNTY HOME BUILDINGS RUINED SMETHPORT WINDOW GLASS PLANT DAMAGED TOGETHER WITH SCORES OF SMALLER LOSSES MAY TOTAL $150,000 DAMAGE

Saturday night at about 8:40 o'clock a tornado struck Smethport and within the period of a few minutes did damage that may total close to $150,000 before the damaged properties are restored to the conditions that existed before the storm. Every one of the group of brick buildings comprising the County Home were damaged, some of them practically destroyed, while wooden buildings at that institution were demolished, or wrecked so that extensive repairs will have to be made. The blow room at the Smethport Window Glass Company's plant, a mammoth wooden building was wrecked so that practical rebuilding will be necessary, throwing more than a hundred men out of work while the repairs are being made. Hundreds of choice fruit trees were uprooted or stripped of their branches; large and beautiful shade trees were laid low. Barns were unroofed or completely destroyed and reports of minor mishaps due to wind and lightning are still coming in from outlying districts. Through the stories of property damaged or totally destroyed, however, there runs a note of thanksgiving that no lives were lost in the case of the County Home something almost miraculous.

Saturday had been a day of showers in the vicinity but very little rain fell in the borough. Along about 8:30, a mass of clouds in the northwest gave observers on Main street a feeling that a storm of unusual severity was approaching. Just before the storm broke in its greatest fury a terrific electrical prelude struck something akin to terror to the stoutest hearts. The bolts made targets of trees and the flagstaff on Holmes & Gillillan's big establishment on Mechanic street was shattered, filling the buildings with smoke and creating some fear of fire. However, no flames could withstand the deluge of rain that immediately followed and turned the streets into miniature canals.

The heart of the storm, however, skirted the western edge of the borough, and the wind was cyclonic in its force in that locality, while the remainder of the town, although deluged with rain and smitten with lightning, felt comparatively slight effects of the wind's force. The approach of the storm was an ominous, but wildly beautiful sight, the great storm cloud assumed the funnel shape of the cyclone, with small, low, twisting outriders that seemed to touch the tree tops as the storm passed the point of the hill north of the County Home. Then the darkness of midnight covered the few minutes of ruthless destruction.

The County Home and Smethport glass plant are situated within a short distance across the field from each other and this locality seemed to get the whole fury of the storm. The blowing room at the factory was unroofed, the sides twisted about and the whole of the big wooden structure generally wrecked. The most hopeful estimate calls for six weeks in which to rebuild the structure and many men will be thrown out of employment while the repairs are being made. It will cost thousands of dollars to complete the repairs on the plant. A peculiar feature of the storm noticed here was that while the blow-house was destroyed and the roof of the ventilators that runs the length of the warehouse was shattered, the large building that stands between these structures was not damaged. The fact that the storm occurred Saturday night undoubtedly saved lives at the glass factory, as on the work-nights of the week the wrecked building would have contained many workmen. As it happened the nightwatchman, C. E. Barrett and Harry Barber were the only men on duty at the plant. They were warned by the cracking timbers to seek the comparative safety of the outer air, returned once and were again driven out when the force of the storm fully developed.

Of the five brick buildings at the County Home it was the opinion of men familiar with building operations after a superficial examination, Sunday, that at least one and perhaps two of the structures would have to be taken down and reconstructed. The large and substantially built wooden cow barn was completely wrecked, a large portion of it having been reduced to splinters. The hog house constructed of tile was wrecked and the large barn directly in the rear of the Home buildings was unroofed. The horse barn the furthest east of the county buildings lost only a patch of shingles off the roof. The women's building at the western extremity of the group also seems to have escaped minor damage. The men's building was quite badly shattered on the north side while the big building containing the kitchen and dining hall was badly wrecked, as well as the building containing the living quarters of Superintendent Taylor and family.

The aged and afflicted inmates at the home showed great fortitude during the trying moments, with the very roofs and walls crashing down about them, but the fury of the storm was so unexpected that they were almost stunned by the terrible havoc it created. Mrs. Mulvihill, nurse at the institution, hastening from one building to another to look after her charges, was saved from injury by the fact that she had trouble in opening a door. The buildings are connected by outdoor passages, roofed, and with sides of trellis work and at the instant she succeeded in opening the door the passageway in front of her was blown into kindling wood by the storm. She could hardly have escaped serious injury had she been a yard beyond the door.

Hundreds of people visited the scene of the storm's havoc Sunday and were amazed at the evidences of its awful force. At the county home as an example, a heavy timber was driven through a brick wall. The kitchen and dining hall, a three story brick, with the roof in ruins, walls crumbled and cracked, stands without a broken pane of glass on the north end. One of the small arched window frames with every pane of glass uncracked lays with the ruins of the brick cornice work of which it was a part. The whirl of the cyclone is plainly shown by a wheelbarrow and a quantity of debris blown hundreds of feet north—the direction from whence the storm came. While much of the live stock escaped in a panic during the storm not an animal was killed so far as is known. Just across the road, not a hundred yards distant from the cow barn that was blown to bits, are two wooden dwellings which hardly lost a shingle.

South of the Home on the hillside, a dozen barns and small wooden buildings were unroofed or blown down and several orchards were uprooted. At the home of Misses Carrie and Ella Terwilliger a dozen trees were blown over and the wind picked up a small frame building used as a wood shed and drove it through the end of the barn.

In the borough lightning struck the resi-

(Continued on page four.)

DEATH OF S. R. LINDSLEY.

S. R. Lindsley, for years one of McKean county's leading editors and a prominent citizen of Smethport, died at the Kane Summit Hospital, Thursday, May 23 about 4:00 p. m. He was taken to that institution two days before in the hope that skillful medical aid might prolong his life for a time but this was not to be. Mr. Lindsley's illness dates from November 13, 1914, when after many busy years he was suddenly compelled to retire from active business life and his son took his place as manager of the McKean Democrat until Mr. Lindsley returned to the editorial harness in January, 1915. However, his son, Russell R. Lindsley, now a member of the Headquarters Co., 139th. U. S. Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss., was practically in charge of the paper, as his father's health never again permitted the old time tireless activity, until December, 1916, when Mr. Lindsley left the office, as it transpired, never to return.

A sojourn in Florida failed to bring any lasting improvements, and Mr. Lindsley failed gradually until during the past year he became almost helpless, but having to the last the tender and faithful care of Mrs. Lindsley.

In June, 1916, he sold the Democrat to a stock company Russell R. Lindsley remaining its editor and maintaining the high standard established by his father, until May, 1917; soon after that the junior Lindsley entered the service of his country.

Sterling Ross, son of Abram Bradley and Anna Maria (Tharp) Lindsley, was born at Lindley, Steuben county, N. Y., June 18, 1853. He attended public school at Lawrenceville. Immediately after leaving school he went to Wilkes-Barre and began to learn the printer's trade. There he remained three years. In 1872 he went to Lawrenceville, where he worked in a printing office until 1874. Having secured a position with the Mansfield Advertiser he removed to Mansfield, Tioga county, and two years later he went to Cuba, N. Y., where he worked for one year on the Herald. Two years were then spent in Olivia where he worked on the Gazette, and a few months in 1879 in New York City. In 1882 he took a position on the Port Allegany Reporter. From 1883 to 1889 he was in Smethport, first on the Democrat, afterwards on the MINER. After a year at Bradford on the Star he returned to Smithport and for a little more than one year managed the Democrat, then after the death of the editor, Eugene Miller, Mr. Lindsley became editor, manager and part proprietor of the Democrat. From 1892 until June, 1916, he controlled the destiny of the Democrat and kept it ever in the front rank of McKean county newspapers. He was a fearless and forceful writer, ready to defend his convictions to the last ditch, and was a valuable help to his party in many a hard fought campaign. While in the stress of battle his utterances through the Democrat might have seemed to one unacquainted with the ditor as being unduly severe there was reason to prompt his most strenuous statements. He did not believe in half-way measures, he believed in calling a spade its true name, he detested shams and hypocracy, and was merciless in their exposure. Perhaps he was over hasty at times in his word pictures painted with a bold brush but if so, the fault did not come from the heart, the heat of strife was to blame for a very human frailty. His loss from the ranks of McKean county journalism was felt from the first day that he laid aside his fearless pen. Aside from his editorial writings, Mr. Lindsley was an entertaining writer upon the topics of the day within his field. No matter what a dearth of news items befell, the Democrat was always interesting and readable when under his skillful supervision.

Editor Lindsley was a type of country newspaper man that is rapidly becoming extinct in these days of specialization and labor saving machinery. He was in his prime entirely capable, and as a matter of fact had on several occasions performed the feat of turning out a good issue of his paper entirely unassisted. This means that he had to collect his news data as well as compose in his mind several columns of editorial comment and then go to the type cases and with nimble fingers put his thoughts into type. Then the make-up of the paper followed, then the printing, folding and mailing—all the result of his skillfully trained mind and hands. The nerve-breaking, heart-breaking grind of newspaper work finally wore him out, and while many may turn aside without a thought from the tale of his accomplishments in newspaper work, it is given to many others the knowledge to realize that these accomplishments were wonderful.

He was not only a wonderful newspaper man, but he was a manly man—or a man's man; his word could be depended upon to the letter; he paid his bills promptly and without argument or vain regrets; he was an upright and clean citizen always working for the material good of his community; he was charitable to a fault and no person in need was ever turned away without a ready and cheerful gift. A good man and a skillful craftsman has gone to his reward.

He is survived by his wife and son, Russell R. Lindsley.

The funeral was held at the house, on Union street Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock and was attended by many friends who sincerely mourn the passing of this good citizen. The I. O. O. F., of which the deceased had been a member for many years attended in a body. Rev. W. E. VanDyke officiated. At the grave the Odd Fellows held their impressive burial services.

LEAVE FRIDAY MORNING.

Following is a list of the twenty-six draftees who will leave Smethport to-morrow morning for Columbus, Ohio. The Smethport Allied Band and the Home Guard will accompany them to the train and the usual farwell ceremonies will occur. Be on hand to bid this bunch of brave boys farewell. William A. Brownell, assistant principal of the Smethport Schools, and Victor L. Swanson of Marvin Creek, are in this contingent.

Arthur Allen Allen, Crosby.
Asher Clarence Shirey, Hazelhurst,
William Rowland James, Kane
Leo Patrick Birmingham, Clermont,
Gustave Adolph Johnson, Mt Jewett.
Henry Fensemyer, Kane
Joe Conkling, Barrows.
Michele Catalano, Kane.
Edward H. Wallace, Kane.
Frank Earl Thomas, Kane
John Godfrey Johnson, Ludlow,
James L. Bush, Betula
Corman Bonillo, Kane.
W. E. Hudson, Hazelhurst.
Antonio Migliore, Mt. Alton.
Arthur E. Swanson, Kane.
Carl Oliver Wallin, Ludlow,
Fred A. Miller, Port Allegany
Oscar S Mortenson, Ludlow,
Victor Leonard Swanson, Smethport,
Robert S. Howe, Mt Jewett,
Alfonso Verillini, Kushequa.
Clayton R. Ostrander, Pt. Allegany,
William H. Gerber, Clermont
M. Parsons, Hazelhurst,
Wm A. Brownell, Smethport,

EIGHTY-SIX MEN LEFT WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Tuesday the large contingent summoned from the second district of McKean county mobilized in Smethport preparatory for their departure for Camp Lee, Wednesday morning. They were a fine looking lot of young men and many of them were accompanied by relatives who wished to be with them until the last minute.

Tuesday night a pavement dance was given in their honor in front of the court house and a crowd that numbered several thousand was on hand to bid the boys farewell. The Smethport Allied Band furnished the music and the young people enjoyed the dance. This feature was arranged by M. S. Geary and a corp of assistants. The street was decorated and the affair a complete success.

Wednesday morning at 8:30 the draftees led by the Smethport Allied Band and escorted by the home guard and hundreds of citizens marched to the Pennsylvania station where additional thousands of people were waiting to see them depart. Only a few minutes were left for farewell and then the train pulled out bearing the largest single contingent that has left McKean county to date. Sorrow and pride mingled in the touching farewells between relatives and men but the departing ones were cheerful and happily anxious to be on their way toward the eventual killing of Huns. God grant that they may safely return at a no distant date.

Those from Smethport and vicinity were Joseph Feura, Archie L. Mencer, Thomas H. Clark, Jr., Raymond M. Ingraham, John Walker, Scott P. Conley, Irvin McCarthy, Manford H. Johnson, Frank B. Fay, Earl F. McCarthy and Thomas Reuda.

SWEDISH MISSION CHURCH.

Next Sunday Services at 10:30 and 8:00. Sunday school at 11:45. Holy Communion at 3:00.

RED CROSS.

All interest during the past week has centered in the drive for the War Fund and everyone in Smethport has responded most liberally to the general appeal and patronized the various benefits most generously. It is impossible at this time to publish a detailed report of the subscriptions but this will be published next week. Many of the local merchants have given a percentage of their profits to the fund and substantial sums have been realized from this and various other sources. Included in the weeks receipts are: The entire receipts of the picture show on Thursday evening, $78.27; the collection taken by the Camp Fire girls on Saturday, $187.00; the sale of the flowers donated by Mrs. Purtle, $43.10; the entire proceeds at Man's Saturday which includes a gift of $5.00 from J. S. McKendrick $30.60; and the entire proceeds at Denning's barber shop Friday afternoon, $12.30; the collection in the Hospital Bank established by Miss Edna Specht, $27.35; and percentages from the following business places: Wells' Drug Store, $10.00; Bender's Barber shop, $3.85; and Heath's Pool Room, $3.55.

The canvass made by the Home Guards on Friday evening brought in $369.45.

The South Penn Oil Company have donated $100.00 to the Smethport Red Cross War Fund.

A very delightful event occurred last Tuesday afternoon at the Red Cross rooms, when Miss Edna Specht a popular instructor in the Surgical Dressing Department entertained with a brithday party.

About sixty ladies were present Miss Specht presented every lady with a little white bag on which was a red cross. All pennies from that time on are to find a resting place in the little bag and be turned in for the Red Cross Chapter fund.

A clever little Red Cross hospital with a little white fence about it was presented by Miss Specht also. It will repose in the Surgical Dressing rooms and receive donations for the work. The money thus raised will be call'd the Hospital Bank Fund.

The money that was given the little hospital fund this week has been hurried into the war Fund.

The amount was $27.35—a very creditable sum.

Miss Specht entertained her guests at the Sugar Bowl during the afternoon

MR. JONES WINS BY NINE VOTES.

Official returns from the Republican primaries in the 21st Congressional district comprising the counties of Center, Cameron, Clearfield and McKean were received in this city yesterday from the county commissioners in each county and indicate that Evan J. Jones of Bradford received a plurality of nine votes over his opponent, William T. Swoope of Clearfield, and accordingly is officially nominated.

The result by counties follows: Clearfield, Jones 744, Swoope 1,821; Cameron, Jones 123, Swoope 48; Center, Jones 738, Swoope 762; McKean Jones 1,175, Swoope 145. Total—Jones 2,785, Swoope 2,776.

In view of the stiff opposition he was up against Mr. Jones made a wonderful run. His strength at the primaries shows his popularity and although he will have strong Democratic opposition at the November election, should win by a comfortable margin.

POMONA GRANGE.

McKean County, Pomona Grange will be Held at Crosby, June 5.

Opening Session 11:00 o'clock.
Miscellaneous Business.
Reports of Subordinate Granges.
Dinner 12:00 o'clock.
Afternoon Session 1:30 o'clock.
Program.
Song 18, Grange Melodies.
Opening Remarks—F. G. Benson, Master of Crosby Grange.
Memorial Services for deceased officers and members.
Recitations.
Question Box and Discussions.
Closing Song—God be with you till we meet again.

ANNA McCAREY,
Lecturer.

DANCE AT CROSBY.

There will be a dance at Red Men Hall, Crosby, next Friday night. Music by Axel Almquist orchestra of Mt. Jewett, assisted by Miss Rose Peterson. All come for a good time.

FOR SALE

Overland, 5-passenger, 4-cylinder, good as new. Terms very reasonable. Inquire at this office. ady22tf

LIST OF THOSE WHO PURCHASED THIRD LIBERTY LOAN BONDS

Young, John
Brown, Chas H.
Francis, James
Elford, Glen K.
McKiernan, Mrs. M. F.
Reynolds, E. T.
Rose, Geo. H.
Tamenany, Jas
Hussey, Mrs. Mary H.
Hungerville, Thos F.
Abbey, John
Bjorsted, Zela
Delahney Con
Pattison, Millicent
Apple, Florence
Perry, Grant
Crawford, Elmer
Huttberg, Oscar
Johnson, Asher B.
Krebs, Mrs. R.
Grimolds, Frank
Dickerson, W. H.
Rice, Nelson Sr.
Tash, Samuel
Bright, David
Willoughby, Mrs. W. W.
Brumley, E. R.
Peters, R. E.
Hearelle, C. L.
Lee, Mrs. Horton
Scanlon, L. E.
Brown, Mrs. W. H.
Keefer, Norman C.
Ramer, Lewis
Hungerville, Michael
Gallagher, Dumbs.
Dawson, Fisk Co.
Brunted Mrs. D. M.
Bradley, Mrs. Nora
Scanlon, Bessie W.
O'Brien, John
Previn, Murrel
King, Clara E.
Rice, Lowell
McCarthy, L. T.
Denning, G. A.
Kelly, Edmond
Johnson, John A.
Choate, Homer Dexter
Ames, R. D.
Rose, Chas. A.
Fuller, W. H.
Quirk, Jos.
Freeman, Helen
Hull, Mrs. Norman G.
Frederick, C. F.
Franco, Domenico
Anderson, Martin
Forrest, Mary H.
Johnson, A. E.
Johnson, John A.
Bazaro, Luigi
Malcolm, David C.
Klaney, Fred L.
Johnson, Albert
Christ, Louis
Nosco, Peter
Boga, Tony
Pancio, Frank
Criss, Mike
Swallow, Frank
Eberly, Fred
Nalda, Geo.
Colenza, Ignatz
Lowry, Mrs. E. L.
Geier, Willard E.
Sidonio, Alfonso
Chrisse, George
George, Mike
Pancio, John
Piesiker, Sam
Sciunto, C.
Alle, Nick
Dimitoff, Iazo
Freeman, Mrs. C. W.
McCarthy, F. M.
Oliver, Joseph
Hall, Charlie
Becker, Rudolph
Rose, John
Crandall, Earl
John, Frank
Smith, J. M
Pierson, Francis
Spano, Nikos
Anderson, Cirrle
Abbott, Geo. N.
Smith, Olive
Dodge, Elmer
Dodge, H. H.
Dodge, Mrs. H. H.
Dodge, Lena
Kallgren, Sam
Kallgren, Frank
Gallup, Delbert
Gallup, Mrs. Delbert
Milroy, Ira
Erickson, Eliof
Warner, C. R.
Hunsicker, R.
Terry, Emmett
Day, Mrs. N. M.
Mains, Sam
Workley, E. W.
Batterson, Selberne
Martella, Adeline
Rider, Cyrene
Barlet, Henry
Amenti, Jacob
Scrowell, Frank C.
Suttley, Leo
Carey, Mary A.
Gunderson, Mrs. W. C.
Schriver, J. W.
Day, Beatrice
Arberg, A. J.
Anderson, John
Denning, Geo. H.
Kelly, Lane C.
McCarey, Eugene
Gustafson, Carl
Ditto, Nell
Herzog, Earl
Amend, Leonard
Sasse, Herman H.
Herzog, Leo L.
Nordstrom, Mrs. E. T.
Fates, John
Ringrose, W. E.
Johnson, Gus
McCrery, Elizabeth
Vickory, Carl
Hewitt, G. W.
Doran, Joe
Purtle, Marie
Engstrom, Gustaf
Steinkoner, John
Decker, C. C.
Caldwell, M. A.
Lininger, D. C.
Wagner, J. L.
Smith, E. T.
Walker, Dorothy
Napolis, Saira
Armstrong Pansy Anna
Armstrong, Birdie Irene
Losey, Lee J.
Rider, Mrs. Lucy
Grantler, Fred B.
Tanner, Arthur E.
Young, George
Stravino, Tony
Bonton, Helen
Bonton, Julia A.
Mosely, George
Moody, Mrs. George
Gnenier, Fritz E.
Peacemeyer, Clair
Gnenier, Mrs. E. A.
Wainman, Leola
McCoy, Clara F.
Lyle, Mrs. Alice C.
Erhard, Wilbur
McCaster, Earl
Cony, Marcus
Campbell, Albert A.
Blake, George Jr.
Hartsell, Ralph F.
Richardson, Mrs. Wm.
Rice, Arthur M.
Bowler, Mrs. H. M.
Oviatt, J. L.
Decker, Sanford L
Pratt, Chas. H.
Pratt, Keith
Pratt, Mrs. Chas.
Lyons, W. B.
Tanner, Mrs. Edw.
Martin, Mrs. Louise
Gillett, Capt Mel.
Gillett, Phyllis
Gillett, Redfield B.
Mitchell, Geo. W.
Cory, B. F.
Miller, Frank G.
Williams, Lillian
Rice, Geo. W.
Rice, Wm.
Rice, Lowell
Palmer, Fel
Rice, Mrs. Geo. W.
Eberspacher, John F.
Hezlock, Stere
Vigna, Peter
Cuniffe, Tony
Colalinglio, John
Coldorelli, Jim
Monaco, Mike
Head, Joe
Carofolo, Joe
Pinnbo, Sam
Gillilan, Alba J.
Malcolm, Archie
Domenico, Franco
Foury, Joe
Fay, Michael
Brooks, Edd
Anderson, Mrs. Albert
Anderson, Helen S.
Anderson, Erwin
Anderson, Oscar M.
[illegible] Emma C.
A[illegible]son, Norma A.
[illegible]son, Marion
[illegible], Eleanora
Grimm, Mildred M
[illegible], Lucy
Hewitt, W. W.
Say, Mrs. Warren
Hancock, Mrs. B. S.
Larson, Fred
Marsh, Mrs. Nettie G.
Bobo, S. J.
Grider, Mrs. Harriet H.
Marsh, Thos.
Benson, John
Parsons, C. J.
Stello, George
Hudlorini, Mike
Anderson, Martha
Bradley, O. A
Crawford, J. H.
Sloan, Lewis
Montelbier, Mrs. Wm.
Burlingame, Fred C.
Josephson, Eric
Gallagher, Adelaide
Vickory, H. E.
Mihalache Andrew
Fink, Wilson M.
McClusky, Frank
Grant, Robert
Hutton, Walter
Hilton, S.
Stello, John
Crawford, Harry
Erickson, Elof
Fay, Julia
Johnson, Gus
McKean, Elizabeth
Silke, Isaac
Cochran, Leon
Skinner, Ros F.
Say, Warren
Johnson, Vera
Nourse, O. D.
Paxton, Mrs. Jennie
Burdick, Ghordie A.
Holdine, Louis
Losey, E. L.
Kepsen, C. H.
Sloane, C. A.
Cerro, Gabriele.
Lawson, Jas
Frederick, Mrs. C. T.
Bradley, M. E.
Cooper, John A.
Gallup, H. H.
VanSickles, Cleve
Brenneman, Walter A.
Nourse, Gladys
Kilgren, C. H.
Weddert, Paul
Johnson, John A.
Choate, Homer Dexter
Smith, William
Plyler, Thos H.
Cook, Norman
Hungerville, Mrs. Fred H.
Strong, Harriett
Downey, R. T.
Johnson, John, A
Brittain, Ivan
Tretton, Emma
Mahoney, Elizabeth
Higel, Mrs. Maude
Burch, W. R.
Cochran, Carrie
Griffith, Paul J.
Thompson, B. D.
Webster, F. A.
Iddings, Mildred
Manwaring, A. J.
Mungo, Domenic
Vitello, Pietro
Losey, Francis
Keenan, Mrs. Mary
Tannestro, Matteo
Daly, Florence E.
Karrasch, Fred E. A.
Clermont Lodge I. O. O. F.
Monhelmer, Birdie
Thompson, Burcherd
Tannestino, Bartolimo
Backus, Frank S.
Tyler, Rachel
Redfield, S. P.
Douglass, G. C.
Carlson, Mrs. Martin
Carlson, Andrew
Carlson, Nellie
Carlson, Richard
Carlson, Martin E.
Crosby, Gas Co.
Norwich Chem. Co.
Orcutt, Frank
Hyatt, A. J.
Ramer, Mrs. August
Rockefeller, G. A.
Marsh, F. C.
Mccarthy, Ellen
Johnson, C. P.
Iodlo, Frank
Snyder, Joe
McConkle, Mrs. Lee
Hollquist, John
Heizemann Chemical Co.
Richardson, Lawrence
Dizel, Mrs. Fred
Stahlmer, Fannie B.
Curtis, Chas. H.
Tanner, Aug
Smith, Worth W.
Drake, Ervin
Reeder, Ella
Dillon, John
Newcombe, Frank
Dubbert, Martin
Hubbard, Margaret C.
Eckerson, Mrs. C. F.
Ward, Fred
Frank, Henry
Feinele, Mrs. A. D.
McCarthy, Gerrinde
Herzog, Mrs. Miela
Slade, Claud
Brooder, William
Freeman, C. W.
Anderson, Axel
Feenstra, Elmer
Chisholm, H. A.
Milroy, Chas.
Donoghue, Mrs. Henry
Sloan, Celestia C.
Sibbles, Geo.
Jacobson, Arthur
Pesarito, Ignatz
Scranio, Steve
Fitka, Chas.
Allison, John J.
Bender, John
Bigler, E. B.
Wells, H. C.
LeBarron, Levi
Keating, J. F.
Richmond, Mrs. Alice S.
Tanner, Elias
Anderson, Oscar
Lathorp, H. B. Sr.
Hendrickson, Walter
Rakoski, Joe
Cundill, Frank
Dailey, Mrs. Frank
Petrovich, Sam
Hoff, Robert
Bennett, Chas M.
Cummings, G. M.
Karlen, John A.
Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred
Snowden, Mrs. Eva.
Smith, Lureen A.
Ferman, Mrs. Bela
Comes, Mrs. M. S.
Dingus, C. E.
Bloomster, Chas.
Orlatti, Milo
Rowley, Mrs. G. C.
Burdick, Anson S.
Morrison, J. Lawrence
Lyle, Chloe M.
Klein, John
Craft, Wilkan
Sherer, Elsie
Kohn, Harold
Gallup, Ed. L.
VanBlid, Axel
Downey, Lloyd
Daly, James
Pierce, Mrs. Al
Arvidson, William
Kohn, Karl
Hoeller, Edward
Lewis, William
Sheldon, Herman
Shooke, M. D.
Hamilton, Katherine
Schmidt, Aletha P.
Rowley, G. C.
Benson & Manwaring
Bidder, W. G.
Kane, Fred
Duncan, Harry
Blake, Lawrence
Geen, Bessie
Billings, Harry
Gallup, J. Vern
Swanson, S. J.
Griffith, Paul J.
Sasse, Mrs. Herman H.
Jones, E. W.
Gunchson, Martha J.
Choate, Mrs. C. C.
Thomster, Sam
Swanson, Oscar
Jacobson, Arthur
Rix, Anna Mary
Hovis, W. A.
Abber, J. J.
Hewitt, J. F.
Burdick, L. L.
Shattuck, C. W.
Stassoff, Stere P.
Velo Bill
Perry, Nellie M.
Hopper, Mrs. W. B.
Green, Lois A.
Sparks, J. A.
Washburne, Lawrence
Wightman Mrs. W. T.
Parker, Ruth
Stowell, Gilbert
Cooper, Daniel M.
Rice, Charles
Walker, John D.
Lawson, O. F.
Crawford, J. A.
Peter, Nick
Morris, Tony
Sasse, Mike
Rosario, Pasquale
Rosario, Bradford, 2nd.
Rice, Bernard C.
Bruno, Mrs. Clark
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Domenick, D.
Pacitti, Giovanni
Schmith, Geo. P.
Stravino, Peter
Finch, L. L.
Campbell Andrew E.
McKeon, Jas A.
Day, Lura
Wright, Wm. H.
Hester, Olaf
Hopple, Hattie P.
Fermon, Harry
Olmsen, Elmer C.
Herring, Harriet
Hergert, Rose L.
Myers, E. R.
Gallup, M. O.
Heath, C. H.
Hackett, Mrs. J. N.
Neely, Mrs. Matilda
Holmes, F. L.
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Baymer, N. W.
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Martin, Edw J.
Metzger, Mrs. Bert
Casey, Mrs. D.
O'Brien M.
Bloomster, Daniel
Roder, E. H.
Hartnett, Blanche
Heinemann N. W. Est
Rodine, J. D.
Pixley, E. D.
Dickerson, Ted
Cleveland, Mrs. Margaret
Rice, W. J.
Niver, Mrs. Nettie
Sprague, F. D.
Anderson Edna
Baker L. H.
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Yerdon Mrs. R. P.
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Mackett Jud
Snyder Joseph
Carter Marie
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Averill Delos
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Mancusco Tony
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Peterson Waldemar
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Hayes Thos.
Magnano Joe
Magner John
Swanson J. A.
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Bacon, Mamie
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Hamilton, Julius
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Kessler, Nancy M.
Kessler, Grace L.
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Dimitoff, Iazor
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Crandall, Nicholas
Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Zetto H.
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Kearney, Rose
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Hunter, Hella
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Cochran, Leon
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McCarthy, Irelln
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Orcutt, Clinton
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Irons, Maude E.
McCarthy, Geo. H.
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Cooper, I. A.
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Milligan, Peter
Thompson, Katherine
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Miller, J. A. Jr.
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Sullivan, John
Brooks, Wilson
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Osborne, Clarence M.
Orcutt, Clara
Blackham, Mr. and Mrs. Fred
Warner, Marion
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Gaskin, E. O.
Lafayette, Grange
Arthur, Mrs. T. L.
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Smith, Henry
Peterson, John M.
Arnett, Hazlet
Francis, Harry
Hancock, Geo.
Marsh, F. E.
Boyer, L. A.
Hafner, Mrs. Wm.
Bayhin, Harry
Gross, Frank Earl
Skinner, E. F.
Reynolds, Henry
Master, Frank
Bush, Alf G.
Rice, Henry J.
Brownell, Wm.
Rush, Marion E.
Becker, Rudolph
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Curran, P. S.
Warrenberger, B. F.
Becker, William
Cranmer, W. E.
Leder, J. A.
Hall, S. B.
Hall, William
Reeder, Louis E.
Moyer, Mark
Moyer, Mrs. Mark
Kerr, Hester
Orlitt, Mrs. W. I.
Hesson, Hattie
Smethport Lodge I. O. O. F.
Howard, Fred
Howard, Wm. Cordis
McCarthy, J. S.
Norwich Lumber Co.
Johnson Adolph
Keenan, E. L.
Jacobson, B.
Meisel, Josephine
Falbo, Michelangelo
Pugliesi, Luigi
Butero, Francisco
Grillo, Carmino
Ferragine, Domenico
Agostino, Alfonso
Clarke, Carrie
Corwin, Edna H.
Hazen, A. A.
Hesson, J. W. Jr.
Jacobs, P. Burke
Botsford, Ernest H.
Boggs, Arvid H.
Forman, Edna M.
Haynes, Eugene
Raymer, Geo. H.
Mercer, Fred
Gillen, John
Witt, Arthur
Bliven, Wm. H.
Bliven, Geo. H.
Tanner, Louis
Rose, Charles A.
Rose, Mrs. Charles A.
Cox, Samuel
Stull, Orson G.
Green, A.
Apple, Sarah K.
Dickinson, Mrs. C. B.
Dickinson, Chas, Halstead
Jelinek, Rose
Gorton, Sheridan
Acker, Howard
Garner, Julia
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Fenn, Joseph
Gump, Albert F.
Shaller, Mrs. Mary
Hamlin, Charlotte
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Hyatt, Jennie C.
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Birmingham, M. A.
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Outrk, A. Elmer
Badger, Ralph
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Monheimer, Birdie
Monheimer, Mrs. Wm.
Amster, Mary P.
Bezzaro, Tony
Bezzaro, Domenico
Parsons, David
Smith, T. L.
Davis, Bert
Green, Samuel
Engstrom, Amandus
Carl, Ed.
Thomas, Rose
Hull, Louis
Kleisath, Mrs. H. S.
Kleisath, H. S.
O'Connell, Tressie
Purtle, Mrs. T. H.
Donohue, Rev. P. J.
Health, Viola B.
Hall, Reuben
Bliven, Mrs. Wm.
Walker, Mrs. J. E.
Douchamp, Henry
Monheimer, Wm.
Masser, F. H.
Heath, E. E.
Brasted, D. M.
Specht, W. F.
Yerdon, R. P.

(Continued on Page Six.)

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 p. m. at Masonic hall Main street.

AL. J. HYATT, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 589, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

J. A. JOHNSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.

J. A. JOHNSON, C. P.
J. A. SWANSON, S.

IDEAL REBEKAH LODGE, No. 88, meets the 1st and 3rd Monday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the I. O. O. F. hall.

LIZZIE DIGEL, N. G.
RACHEL P. AMSTER, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. hall.

KATE BENDER, Pres.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

P. of H.—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturdays of each month at 8:00 p. m., in I. O. O. F. hall HENRY J. RICE, M.
ANNA O. STARK, Sec'y.

PHOENIX CHAPTER, NO. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month in I. O. O. F. hall.

MRS. GERTRUDE GARLICK, W. M.
W. B. HOPPER, W. P.
MISS RITA DENNING, Secy.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. A. Fleming, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m. Evening service, 7:30. Mid-week prayer and praise service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal — Rev. W. E. VanDyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12:00 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. VanDyke, rector. Divine service and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Baptist Church of Smethport—Rev. W. P. Wheeler, Pastor. Services: 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 11:45.

St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic Church—P. J. Donahue, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Swedish Mission Church—Rev. G. Philblad, pastor. Services every other Sunday at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On alternate Sundays meeting in the evening only. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursday night at 8 o'clock.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE.

Governor—Martin G. Brumbaugh.
State Treasurer—Robert K. Young.
Auditor General—A. W. Powell.
Secy. Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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Member of Congress—Charles H. Rowland, Philipsburg.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin, Pa.
Members of Assembly—John A. Fitzgibbon, Bradford, Pa.; Frank P. Isherwood, Bradford, Pa.
State Highway Supt.—C. L. Lorah.

COUNTY.

Sheriff—E. W. Jones, Smethport.
Deputy Sheriffs—C. C. Choate, Smethport; J. H. Howe, Bradford.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer — Frank Potter, Kane.
Recorder of Deeds—H. M. Choate.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; O. S. Gahagan, Mt. Jewett; T. E. Flaherty, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
Register of Wills and Clerk of Orphans' Court—John B. Eastman, Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Jury Commissioners' Clerk — H. D. Otto, Smethport, R. F. D.
Auditors—R. A. Greer, Bradford; J. R. Abbott, Bradford; Frank Burdick, Smethport.
County School Superintendent—C. W. Lillibridge, Smethport.
Asst. County School Superintendent—B. S. Taylor, Bradford.
District Attorney—Thos. B. Wilson, Bradford.
Mercantile Appraiser—F. E. Goodman, Mt. Jewett.
Sealer of Weights and Measures—R. P. Yerdon; Smethport.
County Solicitor—C. W. Shattuck, Smethport.
County Detective—Joseph F. Robinson, Bradford.
County Viewers—Harvey G. Berkhouse, Kane; C. M. Colegrove, Smethport; Dennie Davis, Kane; Griffin Hatfield, Bradford; Edward Martin, Marvindale; Thos. H. Morrison, Smethport; F. M. Webster Bradford; F. M. Wright, Eldred.
Farm Bureau Supt.—P. S. Crossman.
Supt. County Home—C. O. Taylor.
Probation Officers—Grace E. Cole, J. A. Lindsey.

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Burgess—Warley Gifford.
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Constable—C. B. Dickinson.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—Wade Burdick.
Auditors—Fred Masser, E. W. Strong, F. H. Biever.
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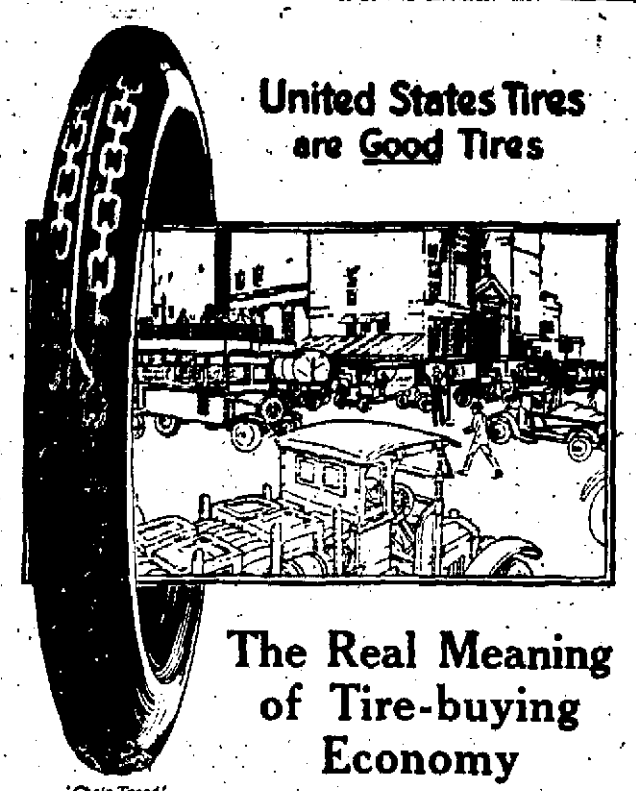
Inspectors of Election—George Barbour, Herman Tull.
Borough Solicitor—H. L. Keenan.



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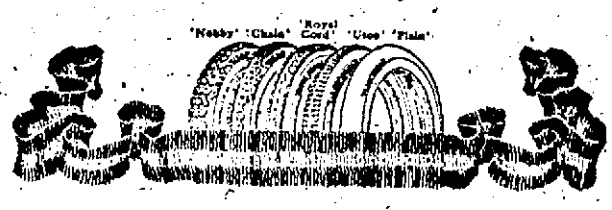

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THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, May 30,

—Tillage tools is the subject of Holmes & Gilfillan's advertisement to-day and is one to interest every farmer and gardener.

—John Lindholm has an ad this week that is especially timely. If you are cleaning house, canning berries or planting a garden you had better read it.

—The Finance Committee of the local Red Cross Chapter will make the regular monthly collection the first of next week. Please be ready to respond when the collector calls.

—Frank McGill of Oil City, formerly of Farmers Valley, was in town Tuesday, and made the MINER office a pleasant call. Mr. McGill has been conducting a meat market in Oil City for the past six years.

—The MINER is issued a few hours earlier than usual this week to give the force time to properly observe Memorial Day.

—At the M. E. parsonage in Olean May 14th, Rev. Williamson united in marriage Glenn Woodmancy and Miss Claire Douglass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Douglass, of Indian Creek. The young couple returned from their wedding trip last night and will make their future home at Indian Creek.—Eldred Eagle.

—St. Raphael's Catholic church at Eldred was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday night of last week, the largest fire Eldred has experienced in several years. The loss was complete. About 5:30 the same afternoon the steeple of the church was struck by lightning and the fire department called out. The flames apparently were completely extinguished at that time, but about midnight broke out again and the structure burned to the ground.

MICKIE SAYS

OUR REPORTER SAYS WOT GITS HIS GOAT IS THAT THE FELLER WHO NEVER GIVES HIM ANY NEWS IS ALWAYS HOLLERIN' ABOUT THEY BEIN' NO NEWS IN THE PAPER!

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Auction Bridge club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. Curt Witherow who had been a patient in the Bradford hospital for the past three months, returned home a week ago yesterday, Mrs. Witherow is now getting along in fine shape.

—Mrs. William Martin died at her home in Vandalia, N. Y. Friday morning. She was the mother of Mrs. John S. Hull of this place. Mrs. Hull went to Vandalia Friday morning and her husband attended the funeral which was held Monday afternoon at Allegany, N. Y.

The marriage of Mary W. Davis to Private S. Randall Laymon took place Saturday afternoon, May 18, at the Baptist parsonage at Coudersport by the Rev. T. Vassar Caulkins. Both young people are well and favorably known in this vicinity and have the best wishes of hosts of friends for a long and happy married life.—Port Allegany Reporter.

On Tuesday evening after Rev. Father Fisher of Sartwell had driven his brand new Chevrolet automobile into his garage, near his residence, he looked out soon after to see smoke and flames issuing therefrom. He soon had only a wreck of his car on his hands and but for his foresight in paying a visit to Insurance Agent Colegrove, of Eldred, shortly before, he would have a loss $500 greater than it is.—Eldred Eagle.

IMPORTANT FOOD ORDER.

Smethport, Pa., May 28, 1918

To all hotels, restaurants and public eating houses:

All hotels, restaurants and public eating houses, serving meals on the American Plan, can serve bread and rolls only in individual portions, also no individual service must exceed two ounces of wheat per meal, including Victory bread, crackers, pastry, etc. Sugar will also be made individual service and in no case be placed on tables in a receptacle for general use. You will be expected to enforce these rules rigidly.

Yours very truly,

T. F. HUNGIVILLE,
Federal Food Administrator for McKean County.

FOR SALE

Will buy and sell all kinds of second-hand furniture, stoves, rugs, carpets, etc. Meyer Zafron, 609 E. Main street. Phone No. 26 M. adv16tf

GOOD WAGES

While learning a trade, you need not work for a small weekly salary with little chance for advancement. You can learn a trade with a good future. Our employees are given every chance to advance. Their wages are increased according to ability.

IF YOU CANNOT ENLIST IN THE SERVICE, THEN ENLIST WITH A COMPANY DOING GOVERNMENT WORK. COME WITH US AND "DO YOUR BIT."

We have one of the largest factories of its kind in the United States. It cannot be excelled for light, ventilation, cleanliness; in fact, in all sanitary and working conditions. One-story, saw-tooth buildings and hardwood floors.

Elmira has a population of about 53,000. It has excellent schools and college, eight theatres, fine parks, large stores, public city market, and living conditions reasonable.

We pay time and half for all over eight hours: either night or day work for men, day work for women. No labor trouble, never had any. Good opportunities for man and wife.

We are going to hire 1,500 more people. Do not wait. Write or call today. State age and experience, if any; also wages expected. WE ARE ON GOVERNMENT WORK. This is your chance to "do your bit".

THE WILLYS-MORROW COMPANY,
Employment Bureau,
Elmira, New York.
adv20w4

IN EXILE WITH HER FATHER

Daughter of Millionaire of Kieff, Accompanies Parent to Save Him From Dreaded Loneliness.

Children in the exile districts seem grotesquely misplaced, yet there were many. Sometimes the gendarmes' magic would lift a father from his too liberal fireside in Russia and set him down without the humiliation of a trial in the glorious Narym solitude, writes Fortier Jones in the Century. "Not infrequently his family followed him in order to share the new life, for, as elsewhere, fathers are loved in Russia. Particularly among educated men the continual, unrelieved loneliness tended to bring on insanity.

"I know one fine business man, a millionaire of Kieff, and a direct descendant of Rouget de Lisle, whose little daughter came into exile with him to save him from this dreaded loneliness. She was fourteen years old, and they lived in a dreary village by the great old river, in a log cabin with pink chintz curtains and a piano. She was a winning little thing, with happy, brown eyes and long curls, and to all appearances was no whit the worse for her exile existence. The fascinating life of the forest was familiar to her, the birds and flowers, and her father cared for her French and history. What a bright spot she was in that wretched place, and what a curious life for a little girl, whose illustrious forefather had composed the 'Marseillaise!' Her mother, who joined them later when her health would permit, and they had gained permission to live in a town on the railway, was a sister of Mme. Curie."

ANIMAL HABITS NOT CHANGED

Sheep Run to the Hills, Hogs Grunt as a Signal; Dogs Fashion Their Own Bed.

Sheep, when frightened, always run to an elevation, because their ancestors originally came from the mountains. They always follow a leader, because in the dangerous mountain passes their ancestors had to go in single file. Hogs grunt because their feeding grounds were thick woods, where they could not see one another, and sound was necessary to keep them together.

Dogs have a way of turning around several times before they lie down. This looks very foolish now, but when they were wild things centuries ago, they slept in the tall grass and turned around several times to hollow out a bed, and they have never outgrown this habit, but to this late day they will turn around on a rug just as if they were in the tall grass.

Cats have, perhaps, the most traces of old ancestral habits. Many times they do have a trace of the lion or tiger very near the surface. Their uncertain temper, their purring and growling, their sudden bounds, their tendency to scratch, all come from the forest and the jungle.—Indianapolis News.

The Millennium.

Millennium is a term applied in theology to the thousand years during which Satan will be bound and the martyred saints live and reign with Christ—Revelations 20:2-3. This long triumph is to be preceded by the decisive victory of Christ over the adversary, and followed by a general resurrection and the temporary release of Satan; then come the last judgment and the new heaven and new earth—Revelations 19:21. All that is positively told respecting the millennium can be read in the Scriptures. To the passages indicated various interpretations have been given, and upon the literal interpretation various theories have been built.

Attempts to fix the date of the advent, the second coming, the dawn of the millennium, have been proved by lapse of time to have been failures. Some of the dates that have been fixed for the beginning of the millennium have been 1785, by a man named Stilling; 1836, by Bengel; 1843, by Miller; 1866, 1867 and 1868, by Doctor Cumming; and 1890, by the Mormon church.

The First Lessons.

The happy and prosperous children are those who have before all else the education that comes by reverence, writes Amelia E. Barr. This education is beyond all doubt the highest, the deepest, the widest and the most perfect of all the forms of education ever given to man. A child that has not been taught to reverence God, and all that represents God to man—honor, honesty, justice, mercy, truth, love, courage, self-sacrifice, is sent into the world like a boat sent out to sea, without rudder, ballast, compass or captain. The manipulation table can wait until the child has been taught to reverence all that is holy, wise and good, and the imagination received its first impulse.

Pigs Feed on Nut Trees.

It is an undisputed fact that in Morocco pigs climb trees in search of nuts, says the Los Angeles Times. Not only pigs but goats. The puzzle is not in the pigs and goats, however, for they are of the common variety that we see here. It is the tree that is strange. It is called the argan nut tree and it grows near Agadir. Usually it shoots out from a steep hillside. The trunk is broad and flat and almost horizontal, and so are the main branches, forming ample and solid foothold for any animal that may be tempted by the olive-shaped nuts growing within easy reach of the main branches.

Farmer's Raiment, Containing Money, Disappeared From Bush—Crows Blamed as Guilty Culprits.

Spooky things happen and sometimes puzzle people. Occasionally they can be accounted for, as in this case, notes Copper's Magazine. One morning early in August Sayles Turner, an Eastern farmer, went to work in his hay field. As the morning was warm, Turner removed his vest and hung it on a small bush. When he quit work late in the afternoon he went for his vest, but it was gone. In the pocket of the vest was $20 in bills. Turner decided it had been stolen.

A few days ago Turner and his hired man went to the woods, five miles from his house, to cut wood. The first tree cut was a large hemlock. On a limb near the top of the tree they saw an object fluttering in the breeze. The tree was felled and the men went to the object. It was Turner's lost vest. Nineteen of the twenty dollars were in the vest pockets. The vest was badly torn, which may account for the missing dollar. Turner believes that crows carried the vest from the hay field and deposited it in the top of the tree.

Canaries Are Hardy.

The canary is a very adaptable little bird, and their biographer says that they seem to thrive in any climate where not exposed to too severe weather conditions, and, in spite of the long period they have been protected and held in captivity, they are capable of enduring a surprising degree of cold when hardened to it. In England it is not unusual to find them in outdoor aviaries throughout the year. They also seem, he says, to be able to reestablish themselves in a wild state under favorable conditions. In 1909 a brood of domestic canaries was released on Midway island, a small, sandy islet in the Hawaiian group. By 1914 they had increased until it was estimated that they numbered about 1,000.

Grant Got Him a Job.

Col. John S. Mosby, the well-known Confederate cavalry leader, had a high opinion of General Grant's magnanimity. He wrote a letter, quoted in his just published "Memoirs," to General Grant in 1885 asking the former president to aid him in securing employment from some corporation. Grant was then, unknown to Mosby, on his death bed. But he dictated a note to Governor Stanford of the Union Pacific, says Mosby, "asking him, as a personal favor, to take care of me. I was made an attorney in the company and held that position for sixteen years. In Grant's death I felt that I had lost my best friend."

Invented Graham Flour.

The use of Graham and whole wheat bread has spread remarkably in the last few years. The inventor of Graham bread and flour was Rev. Sylvester Graham, a New England clergyman, who died in Northampton, Mass., 60 years ago, having devoted the major part of his life to the advocacy of a vegetarian dietetic theory. In 1839 he introduced Graham bread, made of unsifted wheat flour, and thereafter urged its use in books, pamphlets and lectures. At first the masses of housewives turned a deaf ear toward his arguments, but gradually Graham flour won its way and became an established commercial product.

A Bad Precedent.

"Why do you want a divorce from your husband?" asked a friend of the family.

"Because he isn't the man I thought he was when I married him," sobbed the young wife.

"My dear child, a general application of that principle would break up nearly every home in the country."

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Carl Johan Lundgren
vs.
Bergetta F. Lundgren.
No. 11, December Term, 1917.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Carl Johan Lundgren did on the 30th day of October, 1917, prefer his petition to the said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Bergetta F. Lundgren.

We therefore command you the said Bergetta F. Lundgren, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the First Monday of June next and show cause, if any you have why the said Carl Johan Lundgren your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the acts of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
H. S. Rogers, Lib. Atty.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
May 9, 1918. adv4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Ralph Ferdnand Seybert
vs.
Anna Margurette Seybert.
No. 50 December Term, 1917.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Ralph Ferdnand Seybert did on the 30th day of October, 1917, prefer his petition to the said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Anna Margurette Seybert.

We therefore command you the said Anna Margurette Seybert that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the First Monday of June next and show cause, if any you have why the said Ralph Ferdnand Seybert your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the acts of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
R. J. Campbell, Lib. Atty.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
May 9, 1918. adv4t

Sheriff's Sale

BY VIRTUE of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas and to me directed, I will expose at public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., on

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1918,
at one o'clock p. m.

All the defendant's interest being one half of the following described piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, county of McKean and Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a post in the middle of the public road leading from Ceres Village to Shinglehouse, standing south 82¼ degrees East eight rods and twenty eight links from a point in the middle of the aforesaid road in a line between lands deeded by Nathan Palmer and wife to Coon and lands late of Polly Messenger (deceased); thence North 6 degrees east ten rods and thirty two links to a post corner; thence North 84 ¼ degrees west, three rods and nineteen links to a post corner; thence North to the line of the lot known as the Grist Mill lot; thence by line of said lot South 83 ½ degrees East to the corner of a lot deeded by Harry Smith and wife to Polly Messenger; thence south by west line of said lot two and five tenths rods to a post in the North bank of the Mill race; thence down the bank of said race by its several courses and distances to the middle of said road; thence nearly west by the center of said road to the place of beginning. Containing about one half acre of land be the same more or less. Improved and having thereon one two story building, not finished.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of E. L. Nicholson at the suit of F. H. Raymond use Home Gas Co.

E. W. JONES, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
May 16, 1918, adv. 3t.

NOTICE

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of June, A. D. 1918.

First and Final Account of John Robins, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Fannie J. Morse, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of H. H. Scott, Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Scott, deceased.

First and Final Account of Martie B. Pair, Administratrix of the Estate of Rozell D. Pair, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Wanfred L. Bartlett and Lawrence Herzog, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Addie Downes, deceased.

First and Final Account of F. M. Nash, Administrator of the Estate of Belle Moore, deceased.

First and Final Account of Edward W. Archer, Executor of the last Will and Testament of William J. Archer, deceased.

First and Final Account of John Hopkins, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Patrick Hopkins, deceased.

First and Final Account of Clifford A. Watson, Administrator of the Estate of Mary A. Watson, deceased.

First and Final Account of W. E. Burdick, Administrator C. T. A. of the last Will and Testament of Emello Felo, deceased.

First, Final and Partial Distribution Account of H. E. Allen, T. O. Glenn and C. W. Moore, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Amos F. Moore, deceased.

First and Final Account of W. W. Bell, Guardian of Foster M. Cooper, minor child of E. W. Cooper, deceased.

First and Final Account of Warren Trust Company, Trustee of the Estate of T. T. Keelor, deceased.

First and Final Account of Geo. A. Colegrove and M. L. Willis, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Jane M. Colegrove, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of M. Elizabeth McQuilken, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary J. McQuilken, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of Louise O'Brien, Administratrix of the Estate of Mary Newell, deceased.

First, Final and Distribution Account of George C. Crow and Otto E. Crow, Executors of the last Will and Testament of G. N. Crow, deceased.

First and Final Account of O. J. Moore and Eva Campbell, Executors of the last Will and Testament of Fred R. Campbell, deceased.

First and Final Account of Mary Peterson, Administratrix of the Estate of Maude Kline Peterson, deceased.

First and Final Account of Viola Shuman, Executrix of the last Will and Testament of H. S. Cotton, deceased.

Second and Final Account of Sheridan Gorton, Administrator of the Estate of M. C. Bain, deceased.

Reck, Administrator of the Estate of First and Final Account of John F. Z. T. Davis, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN,
Register.
Smethport, Pa., May 4, 1918.
adv 4t.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, May 30, 1918.

Suppose for a minute that the United States had broken with Germany three years ago this week when the news came of the Lusitania outrage. Many Americans wanted the steps taken at that time. Many, probably an increasing number, regret that it was not taken then. What would have happened? Would peace have come by this time, if the United States had thrown its weight in two years earlier? It may be a profitless speculation, but it will continue as long as history is written. Of course, the United States was unprepared three years ago. Unhappily, it was still unprepared when two years had passed, but if the wasted years, the year of much promise and little accomplishment, had been 1915 instead of 1917, how different the story of the war and how much less the measure of the cost and sacrifice. That is, if the country had really begun to make its weight felt at the beginning of 1916 instead of the early part of 1918 it is easy enough to demonstrate that many things would have happened far differently on all the European fronts. Undoubtedly some things would also have happened differently in this country, not forgetting the national campaign of 1916.—Boston Herald.

"If the Democratic party is a good thing in peace," says Mr. Daniels' paper, "it is a good thing in war. Either the Democrats believe in themselves or they don't. If they believe in themselves, they would stultify themselves if they did not make always more earnest efforts to strengthen their organization all the way up from the precinct." That is good Democratic doctrine from the good Democratic Secretary of the Navy. It should be a notice and a warning to Republicans not to be caught in the easy-spoken trap of consenting to the return of a Congress controlled by their opponents on the specious ground of patriotism in time of war. The Congress elected this year will serve until March of 1921. Before the close of that Congress, in all human probability, the after-the-war problems of reconstruction will be upon us. For that work the Republican is best fitted. Its record and its policies are proof of this. Republicans who believe in themselves and in their party should obey the advice of Secretary Daniels and cast their votes accordingly.—Philadelphia Press.

Senator William C. Sproul with a plurality of well over two hundred thousand votes looks like a pretty popular candidate for Governor, and one who is worthy of the support of every Republican in the State. Senator Edward E. Beidleman, candidate for Lieutenant Governor has also proven his popularity and these two men should have little trouble in emerging victorious from the November election.

It is alleged that a personal letter from New York discloses the fact that the famous aero flyer, Ruth Law, has been proved to be a man and German Spy and is now interned in New York by the United States government. The letter was received by "someone in Pittsburgh." This sounds like a pretty tall war story and more details should be awaited before much credance is given it.

Tuesday morning all that was mortal of S. R. Lindsley was laid at rest. A good man, a good husband and father, a worthy citizen, a man whose word was his bond, his integrity unimpeachable, has left us. But it is as a newspaper man and a printer that the writer wishes to pay his tribute to a master craftsman after a friendship that covered, man and boy, more than thirty years. Peace to the ashes of Sam Lindsley. "30"

This week more than one hundred young men leave this district for their country's service and another large draft is impending. Every day the ravages of war are being brought closer even to quiet communities like our own. However, there is an encouraging tone to the utterances of the great directors among the allies that are given publicity. They have something "up their sleeve" that causes an almost triumphant note. That Germany's power is broken, and the allies know that is it broken is one conjecture frequently made. The thought that the end of the terrible world's war is approaching—is near at hand, is breath-taking in its intense relief. Last week one of England's most prominent men in warlike affairs made the statement that this summer would see the end. It is a beautiful hope but we should all keep on plugging just the same, and prepare for years of warfare that maybe ahead.

(Continued from page one.)

dence of Attorney John N. Apple on West Main street doing considerable damage and a barn on the premises of Mrs. Helen S. Morrison a few hundred feet from the Apple residence was demolished. Lightning struck a tree in front of F. C. Sartwell's residence on West King street. A wooden garage belonging to F. J. Nichols, in the rear of his store on Main street was wrecked. There are dozens of other instances of damage wrought by the storm.

While the estimate of the damage at the county home is hard to make at this time, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may take $100,000 to restore the institution to its former condition. At present Mr. and Mrs. Taylor are doing the very best they can under the trying circumstances. Temporary quarters and makeshifts in various directions are restored to, but the orderly routine is being maintained.

Damage to oil and gas property throughout this section was heavy. Many rigs were struck by lightning or blown down. Eleven rigs were torn down, some completely demolished, at Aiken and other property of the Minard Run Oil company damaged to the extent of thousands of dollars. The Hazelwood Oil company also suffered big loss. The path of the storm at Aiken was about half a mile wide and pipe lines, telephone wires, and property in general in the storm center were badly damaged. In every direction from Smethport the telephone systems were damaged. Lightning entered the home of Claude Heath on East King street over the telephone wires and wrecking the instrument.

The progress of the storm may perhaps be best described as a gigantic football bounding over the ground. Where it struck the ground great destruction occurred, then for half a mile or more no damage would result. However, the severe lightning and rainfall that amounted to a cloudburst made no such long jumps, but were general in the path of the storm.

Bradford suffered from a severe storm Saturday forenoon when the Third Ward School building was struck by lightning and the roof somewhat damaged. A sixty barrel oil tank in Hawkins Hollow was struck and its contents destroyed, and a house hit by lightning and split in two. Bradford also felt the force of the storm Saturday night when various places were struck and rain poured in torrents.

Farmers Valley suffered from the storm with trees struck by lightning and barns damaged; one case of a silo being demolished is reported on the Crossmire farm, owned by the Young estate. At the U. B. Parsonage at Farmers Valley a tree within thirty feet of the house was struck, and the theory that lightning does not strike twice in the same place exploded as this tree has been hit on a previous occasion. Telephone lines are in such a state at this writing that it is difficult to get reports from Farmers Valley and Cole Creek.

Sheriff E. W. Jones' farm, south of the county home, suffered much damage. Not only were the buildings unroofed and otherwise damaged and his orchard destroyed, but a flock of 75 ewes and 50 lambs were scattered which have not all been found at this writting. Fully 400 rods of fence will have to be replaced. Monday Mr. Jones said he found trees on the extreme top of the hill blown down and splintered from lightning in a locality far from the general path of the storm. Along the line between his and Otis Iron's farm the cyclonic nature of the storm is plainly shown by the trees which seemingly were blown down from every direction, and many of them splintered by lightning. Mr. Jones estimates his loss at fully $1,000.

The barn on F. C. Sartwell's farm, some distance east of the county home, was unroofed.

From this locality the storm made one of its jumps into Irish hollow where it damaged buildings on the farm of T. F. Hungiville, one of the barns being completely razed. A large barn in this locality belonging to Richard Griffiin was also unroofed.

The storm's first damage in this vicinity was in Iron's hollow where George Iron's barn was unroofed and other damage done to his farm buildings. Other buildings in this hollow suffered from the storm's ravages.

From all the information at hand Tuesday the Potato Creek valley generally escaped the savage fury of the storm, although rain fell copiously and the lightning was very severe.

In the opinion of many people the havoc at the glass factory and county home was due to the meeting of two storms in that locality one coming down the Marvin creek valley and the other from the north across the hills. Observers liken the appearance of the storm when it approached closely to the smoke from an oil fire, and say that the cloud masses had a motion like smoke rolling from a tremendous conflagration. Some people were actually of the opinion that the Germans had arrived via the air route with some devilish contrivance to wipe us off the map. The intense darkness that prevailed is commented upon by many people and is described as the blank darkness seldom encountered even at cloudy midnight.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

Marriage Licenses

May 22—Ralph G. Smith of Stratonville, Pa. and Junie Henry of Clarion County, Pa.

Deeds.

May 3—Oscar Engstrom and wife to Harold A. Gaffney, Smethport, Pa., $2625.

Wolcott Gas Company, to Eddie H. Nichols, Ceres, $100.

May 22—Charles Mason and wife to Evan O'Neil Kane, Hamilton, $1.

M. J. Turano and wife to Charles F. Wattriss, Bradford, $1.

Elisha K. Kane, and wife to Gust B. Carlson, Hamlin, $104.52.

Christina E. Burnside, and husband to Albert Newberg and wife, Mt. Jewett, $1600.

May 23—F. D. Gallup and wife to Anna E. Cheeseman, Smethport, $1.

Anna E. Cheeseman to Marie O'Brien, Smethport, $900.

May 24—Jesse C. Edgett, et al to E. R. Caldwell, Bradford, $475.

E. J. Boyle, et al to Bradford Wholesale Grocery Co., Bradford, $1375.

Charles A. Nightwine to J. H. Ehret, Keating, $500.

Alice A. Harder to Mary E. Zillafro, Otto, $750.

May 25—Mary J. Saph and husband to M. D. Wright, Bradford, $4300.

Clara B. Rick and husband to Nathaniel Wells, Bradford, $1400.

F. S. Wickham and wife to W. B. Miller, Foster, $1100.

David Morrison and wife to R. S. Pringle, Eldred Twp. $406.

Ellen M. Laley and husband, to Martha E. Wommer, Bradford, $1.

J. S. Fisher Treas to City of Bradford Bradford, $503.22.

Beazie L. Simar and husband to John Burleson, Liberty, $67.50.

James J. Cousins and wife to Lela E. Reed, Bradford, $1.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

May 21—Louisa Weirmiller to Edward C. Cooper, Liberty, $1200.

May 22—A. C. Thomas and wife to M. J. Turano and wife, Bradford, $1000.

May 24—Sarah Hanna to Abrham Chobot and wife, Bradford, $1060.

THE OFFICIAL VOTE.

The Official Vote of the primaries for McKean County May 21, is as follows:

Governor.

Habgood	820
O'Neil	881
Sproul	337
Weimer	43

Lieutenant Governor.

Aarons	269
Bateson	354
Beidleman	455
Powell	331
Scott	473

Secretary Internal Affairs.

Hodek	596
Lewis	525
Woodward	866

Representative in Congress-at-Large.

Aaron	826
Atherton	513
Burke	765
Clement	531
Crago	435
Fiyte	264
Garland	553
Harner	264
McGarrity	151
McLaughlin	278
Mitchell	639
Rich	402
Robins	321
Walters	519
E. K. Kane	16

Congress, 21st District.

Currier	77
Jones	1175
Richelsen	630
Swoope	145

Assembly.

Catlin	1302
Fitzgibbon	1261
Maxwell	874

Rat Population.

The United States public health service estimates that the number of rats living under normal conditions in our cities equals the human population, but that in country districts they are relatively three of four times as numerous. This estimate is practically the same as that obtained some years ago in Great Britain and Ireland, Denmark, France and Germany. At intervals, as the result of especially favorable conditions of food supply and weather, extraordinary increases of rats occur over considerable areas and the damage by them is enormously increased.

As the World Moves On.

If we do not ape the youth that has passed, middle age is a state of dignity. It has more of pleasure and less of pain than has blundering, suffering youth. The world moves more steadily for us. In youth it tumbled about to our discomfiture. Age need not terrify us, for if we have prepared for it it will be life's holiday. Don't apologize for middle age. Exult in it. It can be a melancholy state or a triumphant one. Which it shall be depends upon us.—Chicago Examiner.

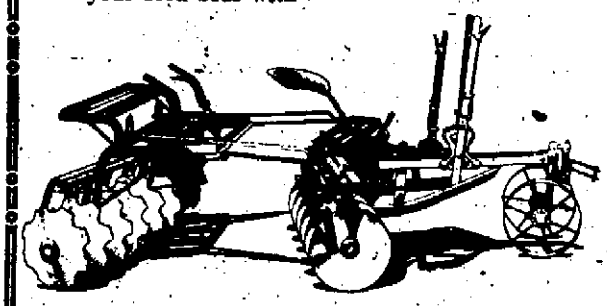
A Broad Jumper.

The jumping hare of South Africa, about the size of an ordinary rabbit but with more powerful hind legs, can jump 20 or 30 feet at a bound and can go up hill faster than down.

Start Spring Right With a Good Seed Bed.

You are out to produce big crops this year. And the foundation of big crops is good seed beds.

You want to keep the moisture in your soil for it's this moisture that gives the seed good growth. And the best way in the world to keep that moisture in your soil is to make your seed beds with



Osborn Tillage Implements

An Osborne Disk Harrow disks a uniform depth the full width of the harrow. It fills your dead furrows and levels your back furrows.

An Osborne Spring Tooth and Peg Tooth harrow finishes up your seed beds as you like to see it finished. They do their work right.

The time to get these tillage implements on to your farm is right here now. Get our tillage implement proposition—you'll find it worth while. Come in any day.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

EVERY DAY IS THRIFT DAY

To those who trade here. Get the best line of "substitutes" that are on the market to-day as well as the very choicest grades of staple groceries.

at

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

The Store with many years' reputation for fair and square dealing.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

TRY THE MINER 14 WEEKS FOR 50c

FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

You can get

FORMALINE

for

SEED OATS AND POTATOES.

at

H. C. WELLS

SMETHPORT, PA.

Girls Dresses and Children's Play Suits.

Khaki Overalls red trimmed 2 to 6 years ..... 59c pair

Linen color Rompers red trimmed 2 to 6 years .... 65c pair

Boys Blouses and Suits lights and Blue. All sizes .. 75c each

Boys Wool Pants 75c. $1.00. $1.25 pair.

Girls Dress Galates, Extra value $2.00.

Others 65c to $2.25.

Masser Brothers Co

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE 149

Make Your Garden Grow

By using "Nitro Fertile"—The Liquid Fertilizer.

Nitro Fertile is an Odorless,

Liquid Fertilizer that goes straight to the roots, showing results in from three to ten days. Applications can be made from time to time during growing season, as needed.

Used and recommended by Professional Growers.

WE CAN ALSO FURNISH YOU WITH

"Black Leaf 40"

To protect your Roses and Fruits from insect enemies.

Pyrox

In one, five and ten pound packages

Bug Finish

By the pound and barrel. Also Arsenate of Lead and Bug Death.

THE CORNER HARDWARE.

B. T. GARLICK, Hardware

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa. as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Thursday, May 30,

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Word has been received in Smethport of the serious illness of Mrs. Mae Kearns at her home in Buffalo, N. Y.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Waite of Chillicothe, Ohio, at the Higgins Memorial Hospital at Olean, N. Y., Thursday May 23, 1918, a son.

—E. A. Studholme who has been seriously ill at his home on West Main street suffering with ptomaine poisoning is much better at this time.

—Michael O'Brien has purchased the E. M. Cheeseman property on South street and will move into the same as soon as needed repairs can be made.

—W. H. Colegrove who has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove left Sunday for Boston where he will enter the Mass. Institute of Technology having enlisted March 22, 1918 as a pilot in the U. S. Naval Reserve Flying Corps.

—Floyd J. Nichols, wife and son, Donald, W. M. Glavin, wife and daughter, and L. T. McCarthy, autoed here from Smethport last Sunday and were guests of Mrs. Mary Quimby for the day. Mr. McCarthy, who is 83 years of age, was one of the pioneer residents of Coudersport, and sees many changes since he was engaged here as workman on the construction of the jail, about fifty years ago.—Coudersport Journal.

—Notice has been received by the draft board of the Second District that Walford D. Holt of Kane has deserted from Camp Lee. This young man left here with the contingent April 3. This is the first case so far as the writer knows of desertion by a McKean county man and it is sincerely hoped it will be the last. Twenty years imprisonment is about the lightest penalty a deserter can expect when captured.

—Bradford's Red Cross drive netted $35,082.

—Miss Dora J. Schoplar, who has been employed at the Bell Telephone Exchange has resigned.

—The Cononada Camp Fire Girls and their guardian were entertained Tuesday evening by Miss Marjorie Gleason at her home on Green street. Miss Gleason served a light lunch on this occasion.

—Mrs. George Garlick of Kasson had the misfortune to fall and break her right arm near the shoulder, Tuesday afternoon. Dr. Clark attended Mrs. Garlick and set the fracture without administering chloroform. Mrs. Garlick is resting quite comfortably and her many friends hope for her early and complete recovery.

—Miss Elizabeth Hewitt, who has been visiting her old home in Farmers Valley for the past few weeks, on Saturday returned to Newport, R. I., where she is chief nurse in the Newport Naval hospital. Miss Hewitt was a caller at this office Friday and talked entertainingly of her duties in that institution. There are 81 nurses in the hospital and aside from her regular duties Miss Hewitt is also superintendent of the Nurses Home.

—A wild deer was observed Saturday by several people in a field on Will Finley's farm near Coryville. The same day George Bayer saw two full grown deer in a clearing on the hills back of his farm near Crosby. The question is raised did the animal instinct warn the dear of the approach of a severe storm and did they therefore seek the safety of the clearing from the danger of falling trees? At any rate the big storm came Saturday night.

—Carlisle Bevere Larson, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Larson, died Monday, May 20, 1918, at his home on Willow street, aged three years and seven months. The cause of death being typhoid pneumonia. The remains were taken to Mt. Jewett Wednesday where funeral services were held at two o'clock and interment in the cemetery at that place. He is survived by his parents and one sister.

—Harold Gaffney of Bradford has purchased through the Geary Real estate Agency the Oscar Engstrom property on East Main street. Repairs will be made at once. Mr. Gaffney has charge of the chemical plants at Marvindale and Coryville.

—Notice is hereby given that the Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead S. T. D., Bishop of Pittsburgh, will visit Saint Luke's church for confirmation, Thursday evening, May 30, instead of Friday evening as announced last week.

—Second Lieutenant Leon Allen of Bradford died at the Bradford hospital Monday after an illness of five weeks. He was an instruction officer at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, and it is thought overwork brought on the illness, septic endocarditis, which caused his death. He had been in Bradford since April 19.

—A nasty mess was kicked up in Bradford Tuesday by people who claimed that partiality was shown by the draft authorities in issuing exemptions to some of the men called to leave with the contingent Wednesday. Some hot-headed people, who in cooler moments will probably be ashamed of their action, caused bills to be printed upon which the names of some of the exempted men appeared as "slackers." A number of these bills were surreptitiously distributed and considerable trouble was the result. In every case the men granted delayed classification will have to enter service soon, and as a matter of fact one man who was called a "slacker" on this treasonable handbill is already in the aviation service and on duty. It was a deplorable affair the dangerous result of hot-headedness and "boneheadedness."

—Word has been received in Smethport of the death of Mary Mason Kearns which occurred in Buffalo Tuesday night at eleven o'clock. Mrs. Kearns was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Mason, deceased, and the wife of Ervin L. Kearns who died in service during the Spanish American war. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. M. Peters of Buffalo, N. Y., and numerous other relatives in Smethport. The remains will be brought to Smethport and interment made in Rose Hill cemetery.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. T. H. Purtle was a Bradford visitor Friday.

Miss Calkins of Erie, Pa., is spending some time in this place.

Mrs. J. M. Roeder of Farmers Valley was a Smethport visitor to-day.

Mrs. Hopkins of Kane was a guest of Mrs. S. R. Lindsley, a few days this week.

Miss Alice Burns of Kane is the guest of her cousin, Miss Mate Connolly.

Otto Engstrom has returned from a short visit with relatives in Buffalo, N. Y.

Fred Hartman of Clermont was a Smethport visitor Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Myra Lindsley of Corning, N. Y. is a guest of her niece, Mrs. S. R. Lindsley.

Mrs. Chas. Hartmeyer of Buffalo is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Curtis.

Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman of Greenville, Pa., has been a Smethport visitor for the past week.

Miss Freda Valentine of Franklinville, N. Y., was a guest of Smethport friends Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. David McCarthy and Mr. and Mrs. Steve McClafferty of Mt. Jewett were Smethport visitors Sunday.

Hon. A. W. Mitchell, sons John and George of Erie, Pa., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Monagan and daughter of Mt. Jewett, Pa., were in town Tuesday to attend the funeral of the late S. R. Lindsley.

Mrs. C. H. Gleason returned Saturday from Indiana, Pa., where she had been on account of the serious illness of her son-in-law, George McGowan.

Russell R. Lindsley of Hdqrs. Co., 139th, U. S. F. A. Camp Shelby, Hattisburg, Miss., came home Sunday called here by the death of his father, the late Sterling R. Lindsley.

John Malcolm Craig Workley, Glen Mencer, Holmes Spanogle, Sandford Decker Raymond Comes, Harold Towne, and Milton Wright, members of the Boys Reserve who had been at State College for two weeks have returned.

Peculiarity of Plants.

Though some plants assume the offensive and catch insects for food, others act on the defensive to protect them from being used for food. This special provision accounts for the presence of thorns, spines, stinging hairs, etc.

Art Value.

Raffleton—"Art and business have nothing in common." Mildby—"Oh, I don't know about that. The value of a painting, like the value of a check, depends a great deal on whose name is at the bottom of it."

DEATH OF ELLWOOD WICKS.

Word reachd this town early Wednesday morning of the death of Elwood Wicks, at the Brooklyn Navy hospital, another of Port Allegany's boys to give his life for his country. Edward was 24 years of age and a life long resident of our town, until he enlisted in the Navy last July, when he was assigned to the U. S. Ship Von Stuben on which he served until he was taken sick. He was a graduate of the Port Allegany High School some years ago, and taught school for some three years in Liberty township, at Comes Creek, Liberty and Lower Portage, and for a while he worked for the Standard Oil Company. He is survived by his father, Albert O. Wicks, two sisters, Mrs. Ruth Coleman and Mrs. Florence Reynolds, and one brother, Roy. His mother having died about two years ago. Elwood had made four trips across. The body arrived here on the 5:18 train Thursday, and the funeral was held at the M. E. Church at two o'clock today. The G. A. R. and the boys who are called in this draft were in attendance and acted as escort to the funeral of the young hero. Interment was made at Fairview Cemetery. Glen L. Gallup having charge of the remains.

BUSH HILL.

Personal Items Right Off the Bat.

Miss Marion VanSickles was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jordan.

Mr. T. L. Smith attended the funeral of Ellwood Wicks.

Mr. Chester King of Port Allegany was calling on Thomas Smith and family.

Victor LaBarr and children, Leona and Victor are visiting friends and relatives of this place.

Mrs. T. L. Smith was calling on Mrs. Walter VanSickles and family.

Mrs. Clyde Thompson and children of Port Allegany is visiting her mother Mrs. Henry Jordan.

Grover VanSickles who has been visiting his brother, Rubin, returned to Olean, N. Y.

Miss Nellie Smith was calling on Mrs. Herman Cooper and family Friday last.

JUDGE BOUTON ENDORSED.

The following resolution was adopted at a meeting of the Warren County Bar association held May 24: "Whereas, the members of the bar of Warren county have learned that Hon. J. W. Bouton, prsident judge of McKean county, will be a candidate for the office of justice of the supreme court of our state, and it is the sense of the members of the Warren county bar that Judge Bouton is eminently qualified for this office by judicial experience, legal ability and personal character; therefore be it resolved, That the members of the Warren county bar unanimously tender our support to Judge Bouton and that we recommend his candidacy to other bar associations of the state and to the voters generally."

WANTED

Five Bench Hands, or Carpenters, one lumber piler, three machine hands, three laborers for lumber yard. Government work. Steady Positions. Overtime. Address Ridgway Door & Sash Factory, Ridgway, Pa." adv22w2.

NOTICE.

The public is welcome to visit my bungalow to get the view, but driving in, picking wild flowers and wild strawberries is prohibited.
adv22w1. Mrs. McCandless.

A POINTED QUESTION
Would you rather
BUY A HAT
That you KNOW will give Satisfaction, or take chances on one that simply LOOKS GOOD?
You can buy one of our NEW STRAW OR FELT HATS.
And wear it with the Knowledge that it is up-to-date and that it will last as long and look as well, as any Hat you ever bought for the money.

WM. MONHEIMER'S
THE HOME OF
ROYAL TAILORING.

Pictorial Patterns. Munsing Wear.

The FRY COMPANY

SUCCESSOR TO FRY & COMES

WHITE WASH SKIRTS

Sixty new white skirts in this lot just fresh from the makers—they are made from a fine quality cotton gabardine, new pocket effect—shirred backs—white pearl buttons trimmed and belted—We commend them to you for quality, style fit and tailoring.
Sizes 24 to 36. Prices $3.75 to $5.50.

Manufactuters Samples

SILK PETTICOATS.

Just thirty-four fine silk petticoats in this—samples from a New York Manufacturer—We bought them at considerably less than regular price and we will pass this on to you at less than the makers wholesale prices—

There's a big variety (not two alike) and the makers prices run all the way up to $4.50 each your choice for $3.95
All colors—no blacks.

Store Closed Thursday Decoration Day.

The Officers and Directors wish to express their appreciation to our customers and friends for their hearty co-operation in the recent Third Liberty Loan drive, thereby enabling us to make the following very satisfactory showing.

Our allotment	$157,500.00
Our sales	249,500.00
Smethport Borough allotment	111,935.00
Our sales credited to Boro	127,500.00

Hamlin Bank and Trust Company

Resources One and a Quarter Million Dollars.
SMETHPORT, PA.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

and get the opening chapters of the new serial
"OUTWITTING THE HUN"
which starts soon

14 WEEKS FOR 50 CENTS

Try our Store for Full Line of Housecleaning Novelties.

Our Liquid veneer makes your old furniture shine like new. This week only 25c a Bottle.

Leave your order for pineapples and strawberries to can. Our prices can't be beat.

TOMATO PLANTS, GERANIUMS, FORGET-ME-NOTS, AND OTHER PLANTS, AT BEST PRICES.

John A. Lindholm

Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

SUMMER SHOES FOR ALL.

This store can fit the whole family for all occasions in the line of footwear. Work or play, dress or for everyday wear we have the proper shoe for men, women and children.

Let us show you.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOEMEN

THIRD LIBERTY LOAN BOND BUYERS.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Hopper Webb B.
Choate C. C.
Anderson A. R.
Chisholm J. T.
Lindsay James
Potter Frank
Gleason C. H.
Gleason Mrs. Allie
Cunningham Alex
Ohman Carl
Anderson Anna E.
Cole T. J.
Hamlin Eugenia
Hamlin Hannah L.
Robinson L. H.
Anderson L. P.
Lemmler Chas.
Smethport Fire Department
Smethport Fireman Relief Assn.
Haffner Mrs. Wm.
Morrison Thos H.
Rubin Mrs. H. W.
Choate H. M.
Raymer Samuel
Rubin H. W. & Son
Backus Mary A.
Gallup Earl R.
King Geo W.
Shattuck C. W.
Purtle T. H.
Quirk Mrs. James
Walsh W. P.
Farnham W. M.
Mecklenburg Chris
Hungerford W. H.
Natello Carrie
Anderson Gustaf
Oviatt W. J.
Smith Worth W.
Rice Chas. N.
Entz John A.
Hackett Judson
Hackett Frank
Drake Mrs. E. E.
Drake E. E.
Colegrove C. M.
Lillibridge C. W.
Larson Emil
McBride Jake
Tull Mrs. F. E.
Studholm E. A.
Peeler John H.
McKenna Francis
Taylor Mrs. C. O.
Carlson J. A.
Hall H. A.
Ekstrom Alexr
Ladhoffa J. A.
Ottoson John
German John
German Mrs. John
Abbey A. A.
Hockenberry Gertrude
Hackett Boyd and Alice
Sr. Petroleum Co.
Eckard Kelly
Camp Mr. C. W.
Beebe Mrs. Amy
McCabe Jas.
Gordon Roy
Smith W. C.
Barker C. H.
Bagnato Giocchino
Haffner Frank
Dunnigan Julius
Fay Pete
Fay Mrs. Pete
Oliver Robert
Kane Richard
Gray Ruth
Ellery Mrs. J. Lee
Meeks Eugene H.
Duffy F. P.
Kautz Fred
Bell M. D.
Bell Mortimer E.
Wirt J. L.
Backus Nov. Co.
Raymer Octavia
Balz H. E.
Ness O. J.
Pierotti, W. L.
Ness A.
Okepland E.
O'Brien Ed.
Nigel John
Cooper Wm. S.
Alcock Wm.
Copley Spirit
Dickenson Merle
Castleton Rosario
Walker C. E.
Walker C. E.
Johnson C. P.
Maraseo Angelo
Berman Hyman
Salatino Camela
Tolomas Jess
Johnson Wm. E.
Fay Frank B
Peterson Frank
Metzgar Mrs. S. D.
McCoy F. A.
Pascuzzi Santo
Specht Fred W.
Geary M. S.
Young T. J.
Walker J. E.
Walker J. S.
Schoonmaker Pearl
Choate Mae E.
McCoy Edna D.
Hamlin Henry
Irons C. L.
Vandusen Laura A.
Oviatt Geo. E.
Otto H. D.
Otto Mrs. H. D.
Garlick Mrs. B. T.
Connor John
Larson Ed
Thornton Julia A.
McKean E. B.
Defabio Angelo
McKean Mrs. E. B.
Lemmler Leonore
Specht Edna
Redfield Grace M.
Vandyke Helen
Richmond M. Sarah
Walker Ruth
Welch J. M.
Smith Rosie
Camp Thos. W.
[illegible]
Metzgar Bert
Backus J. C.
Hubbard Julia K.
Hubbard John K.
Tanner Mr. and Mrs. August
Wyant John
Fry Sandford L. C.
Vandyke W. E.
Johnson Mrs. C. P.
Schooler Max
Vanblad Emma
Hamlin Susan D.
Stratton J. M.
Hallstrom J. J.
Burgess Wm.
Bird Joseph
Senn G. W.
McCarthy Gertrude
Hilton R. W.
Comes M. S. Jr.
Shattuck Prue C.

Shattuck Richard
Gallup F. A.
Doubles Mrs. M.
Gallup Mrs. F. A.
Pierce Mr. and Mrs B. B.
Coulter C.
Lee Hortin E.
McDermott F. L.
McDermott J. G.
Beckwith F. R.
Francis A. E.
Lee Mrs. Hortin E.
McCarthy Elenor
Elder S. H.
Elder Frank R.
Sasse Mrs. R. C.
Boster August
Collins Daniel
Lane William
Milligan Peter J
Lyman Jesse H
Johnson Eugene
Richardson Wes
Matteson T. M.
Baldwin Merll
Cummings A. B.
Cumings Mrs. A. B.
McKeenan Huey
Richardson Hazel F.
Gallup Mary T
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Engel Mrs. Albert
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Quinn Mrs. E. V
Allison J. J.
Redfield H. H
Norwich Chemical Co.
Rhodes G. L.
Culbertson Geo
Culbertson Retta
Culbertson E. H
Bailey Leon J.
Bailey Mrs. Susie
Barry Alice E.
Lindsey Mrs. S. R.
Sasse R. C.
Cook Loyd W.
Shureck George
Boser August
Whitelaw Edmund
Case W. C.
Currier E. E.
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Deacone Bettino
Lorenzi Tressa
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Mosher Frank
Benson F. S.
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Granting F. B.
Galpin Julia Belle
Anderson Frank
Anderson Mrs. Chas.
Benson C. M.
Lee George
Baker Jefferson
Blake Geo.
Barber O. J.
Colella Sam
Finch A. M.
Bertram Paul
Carter N. P.
White Chas.
Cooke Loyd W.
Engel L. M.
McIlroy Cecil
Hockenberry H. L.
Studley Jonathan
Broughton Riley
Baker J. F.
Barrett Cyrus E
Herzog Agnes M.
Carpenter Grant
Kruger Herman
Hahnenny Wm. H.
Warner George W.
Redfield Robert D.
Gallup William D.
Gallup Marion
Hagg Julia
Daly E. T.
Nichos F. J.
Bayer Rena
Kelly F. J.
Alot Ralph
Erlandson Jennie
Erlandson C. P.
Bard Lena
Johnson Alfred
Johnson Mrs. Alfred
Hungiville F. H.
Hungiville Mrs. F. H.
Campbell G. W.
Cooper John
Cooper Mrs. J.
Salspaugh John
Stark Winifield
Anderson Albert R.
Potter Frank
VanSickles Mrs. Cleve
Lorah C. L.
Gallup P. D.
Gallup Margaret M.
Johnson Charles
Johnson Mrs. Chas
Gallup Elizabeth
Walker Rena G.
Pomeroy M. M.
Pomeroy Mabel
Pomeroy Katherine
Pomeroy Thomas C
Pratt B. F.
Kidder A. H.
McCoy Emily
McCoy Mary
McCoy Gavin
McCoy Orlo G.
VanSickles Perry
VanSickles Alonzo
VanSickles Barbara
Whelan F. P.
Daniels Walter
Donehamp Joseph
Finch W. F.
Rouillard Fred J.
Stanton Mrs. Fred J
Stanton Mrs. Arlie
Stanton Harod
McKenna F. J.
Cruger Henry
Burdick Esther E.
Redfied Carolyn
Spanogle F. M.
Spanogle Mrs. F. M.
Windsor W. E.
Alcock George
Apple John
Clark Thomas H.
Ferri Enrico
Zafton Meyer
Johnson Manford
Hector John
Norman B. A.
Munn L. E.
Denning Gerald
Dickinson Roy
Cather John E.
Schoonmaker L. E.
Dike Seth
Bissett Merill W.
Miller Fred
Day Beatrice
Cunningham J. C.
Otto H. W.
Norman Ralph
Ottoson Elmer
Gleason Mrs. R. C
Raymer N. D.

Gleason R. C.
Averill F. F.
Hungerford W. W.
Heinlein M. W.
Connor Mrs. Alice
Benda Thomas
Larson Mr. and Mrs. C. O
Wank Carrie
Green Hazel
Richmond Mrs. Sarah
Morrison Helen Gardner
DeHass Gladys
Kaufman Chas
Miller P. A.
Hogarth L. K.
Specht Mrs. W. F.
Eastman Eva S.
Ottoson Bessie
Gratton D. D.
Kerr W. J.
McCullum Geo. L.
Melcoff and Costoff
German Harry G.
Bloomster Frank W.
Lathrope H. B. Jr.
Chandler I. W.
Timmerman Mary J.
Griswold M. W.
McGowan C. E.
Johnson Oscar F.
Engstrom Victor
Knapp J. N.
Wallace Mary B.
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Hamlin Mirabel M.
Hornlein Julius
Laird Norman
Morgan Jas.
Bliven Mrs. Geo.
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Redfied H. H.
Engstrom Otto
Stratton B. R.
Forrest John
McDermott Thos. W. Jr.
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Subscribe for the MINER.

IF YOU BUY OUT OF TOWN AND I BUY OUT OF TOWN, WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR TOWN?

THE DOLLAR YOU SPEND IN SMETHPORT WILL "COME HOME TO BOOST."

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

BUY AT HOME CAMPAIGN

Read the article with care. They may present something you hadn't thought of before. Patronize the people whose cards are here. They are your neighbors and will treat you right. The money you spend with them stays in circulation in Smethport.

Just Draw Your Automobile in

We will do the rest, we can repair any make of car and we can fix you out with all kinds of accessories. Firestone Tires etc. Our Garage is always open for business. Boost for Home Trade we do. Smethport Garage Co.

THE FRY COMPANY.

New "Faultless" Brand Blouses this week—White and Colored Voiles. Organdies—Crepe de Chines, Georgette. Satins and Taffetas. Sizes 36 to 47. Prices $1.00 to $6.50.

THE FRY COMPANY.

One by One of All Classes.

Are discovering that our cleaning and pressing service represents completeness all our work is thoroughly done. We also handle a full line of Wear-You-Well Shoes, try them and you will be pleased. James T. Chisholm.

LOOK AT LINDHOLM'S PRICES.

Rolled Oats ..... 8c lb.
Tomatoes, ... 9c can.
Shredded Wheat, ... 13c box.
Coffee ..... 21c lb.

We Use No Chemicals.

Or injurious acids in our Laundry pure soap and water does the business. We call and deliver to any part of the town. Boosters for Home Trade.

Smethport Steam Laundry

We Want Every One in this Vicinity

To know we will not be undersold in Boots and Shoes all our stock is standard goods, and, we believe in small profits, and cliquk sales. See us first. Repairing done while you wait.

Anderson & Carlson

We Always Carry a full Line

Of all kinds of fancy and staple groceries that will always be handled at a fair price. We don't believe in getting rich quick. We are ready to live and let live. Get our prices first. It will pay. W. W. Hewitt, Grocer.

Pure Drugs are Essential to

Health. Be sure they are pure. See us for all kinds of drugs. We carry full line of sundries, toilet articles, bathroom and sick room supplies. We are boosters for Home Trading. See us first. H. C. Wells, Druggist.

See Us and See Better.

Have you ever been examined by an authorized graduate of Optometrist. Now you are not taking any chances so come in and talk it over. Large line of Jewelry. Engstroms Jewelry and Optometrist.

POWER OF DOLLAR IS EASILY SHOWN

Keep One Moving and See What It Will Do for Your Community.

PAYS MULTITUDE OF DEBTS

When It Is Sent Out of Town, However, to Pay for What Can Be Bought at Home It Is Gone Forever.

(Copyright.)

It is a rather wonderful thing, when you stop to think about it what one lone dollar will do, if it is kept at work. This has been illustrated in a striking manner on several occasions by means of a very simple experiment. If you want to see just how important a role a silver dollar or a dollar bill plays in the life of a community here is the way to do it. Just attach a tag to the dollar and turn it loose, with the request that every person who receives the dollar make a note on the tag as to how he received it. The result will be an eye-opener.

Here is the way it works: Smith, the lumber dealer, who first possesses the dollar, buys some groceries from Brown and pays for them with the dollar. About that time Jones, the plumber, who had done some work for Brown, sends his collector around and Brown pays the bill with this dollar. Jones owes Green, the printer, a small advertising bill, so he sends this dollar with possibly some others, to Green to pay his bill. Green had just put the dollar in his cash drawer when in comes Black, the milkman, to whom Green owes a dollar for milk delivered at his house. Green takes the dollar out of his cash drawer and pays Black. For some time Black has owed White, the carpenter, for some work done on his dairy house, so now he takes the dollar that Green has paid him and pays up what he owes White. White still owes for some lumber that he bought from Smith, the lumber dealer, so he takes the dollar and squares up his account with Smith. Smith now has his dollar back. Brown has been able to pay his plumbing bill. Jones has squared up with the printer, and so on, all around the circle.

What Might Have Happened.

Now suppose that Smith, instead of buying his groceries from Brown, had purchased them from a mail order house in a far distant city and sent his dollar to pay for them. Brown would not have had that dollar to pay Jones, the plumber; Jones could not have paid his printing bill; the printer would have had to stand off the milk man; White, the carpenter, would not have got the money for the work he had done for the milkman and Smith would not have got the money which White owed him for lumber.

This is all so simple that it requires no student of economics or professor of mathematics to figure it out. Anyone can see that when Smith sends that dollar to Chicago or some other city where the mail order houses flourish, that dollar is gone so far as Smith and Jones and Green and the rest of the people in Smith's town are concerned. That dollar will never come back to pay any bills in Smith's town. And the thing that stands out most striking, but is most often overlooked, is that Smith, the man who first spends the dollar, is hurt just as much when he sends that dollar out of town as is the home grocer from whom he might have bought his groceries.

Now just multiply this one dollar by a hundred or a thousand or ten thousand. One dollar may not seem to make much difference in the average town, but a thousand dollars or even a hundred dollars does make a difference. Just as one dollar will pay a dozen or a hundred small bills, a hundred or a thousand dollars will pay a dozen or a hundred big bills. When Brown, the grocery man, owes a thousand dollars and can't pay it, he is headed for the bankruptcy courts. When Jones, the plumber, can't collect the money which is due him from Brown or maybe a dozen Browns, he is headed in the same direction as Brown. And so it goes all around the circle until it hits Smith or a dozen Smiths who have sent their money out of town to add to the fortunes of the mail order men.

Buyer One Who Is Hurt.

Thus, it will be seen that this buy-at-home proposition is really a selfish one with the man who buys the goods. He is not hurting the home merchant when he sends his money out of town, any more than he is hurting himself.

Every sensible man knows that his livelihood depends upon whether business in his town is good or not. If business is not good, he cannot make a good living for himself and his family, no matter how hard he may work, and business cannot be good if the business men in the town are not making money. This is a plain business proposition for every man and woman in the community. By spending their money at home they are helping the home merchant only incidentally. They are buttering their own bread. When they send their money to the mail order house, they are not only hurting the home merchant incidentally but—a thing more important to them—they are likely to be taking the bread out of the mouths of their own children.

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"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)

Going up this trench, about every sixty yards or so we would pass a lonely sentry, who in a whisper would wish us "the best o' luck, mates." We would blind at him under our breaths; that Jonah phrase to us sounded very ominous.

Without any casualties the minstrel troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the front-line trench. Previously, a wiring party of the Royal Engineers had cut a lane through our barbed wire to enable us to get out into No Man's Land.

Crawling through this lane, our party of twenty took up an extended-order formation about one yard apart. We had a tap code arranged for our movements while in No Man's Land, because for various reasons it is not safe to carry on a heated conversation a few yards in front of Fritz' lines. The officer was on the right of the line, while I was on the extreme left. Two taps from the right would be passed down the line until I received them, then I would send back one tap. The officer, in receiving this one tap, would know that his order had gone down the whole line, had been understood, and that the party was ready to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps meant that we were to crawl forward slowly—and believe me, very slowly—for five yards, and then halt to await further instructions. Three taps meant, when you arrived within striking distance of the German trench, rush it and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and then back to your own lines with the speed clutch open. Four taps meant, "I have gotten you into a position from which it is impossible for me to extricate you, so you are on your own."

After getting Tommy into a mess on the western front he is generally told that he is "on his own." This means, "Save your skin in any way possible." Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German lines were falling in front of us, therefore we were safe. After about twenty minutes we entered the star shell zone. A star shell from the German lines fell about five yards in the rear and to the right of me; we hugged the ground and held our breath until it burned out. The smoke from the star shell traveled along the ground and crossed over the middle of our line. Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had gotten up his nose. We crouched on the ground, cursing the offender under our breath, and waited the volley that generally ensues when the Germans have heard a noise in No Man's Land. Nothing happened. We received two taps and crawled forward slowly for five yards; no doubt the officer believed what Old Pepper had said, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By being careful and remaining motionless when the star shells fell behind us, we reached the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I was scared stiff as it is ticklish work cutting your way through wire when about thirty feet in front of you there is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying across the parapet, straining every sense to see or hear what is going on in No Man's Land; because at night, Fritz never knows when a bomb with his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the direction of Berlin. The man on the right, one man in the center and myself on the extreme left were equipped with wire-cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the German wires are charged with electricity, but to prevent the cutters rubbing against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise which may warn the inmates of the trench that someone is getting fresh in their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down, cursing under our breath, trembling all over, our knees lacerated from the strands of the cut barbed wire on the ground, waiting for a challenge and the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Nothing happened. I suppose the fellow who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had sneezed about half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the four-tap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the spiel that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." Anyway, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise.

During the intervals of raising our shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were

Receiving First Aid.

discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the alert, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English, rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l." It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome; but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and fell forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one rilled and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell hole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks." One young Scottie, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scottie made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clawing at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious. When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that bally hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the barbed wire.

In the official communique our trench raid was described as follows:

"All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Personally I don't believe that that part of the German trench is occupied," will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Blighty.

From this first-aid post, after inoculating me with antitetanus serum to prevent lockjaw, I was put into an ambulance and sent to a temporary hospital behind the lines. To reach this hospital we had to go along a road about five miles in length. This road was under shell fire, for now and then a flare would light up the sky—a tremendous explosion—and then the road seemed to tremble. We did not mind, though no doubt some of us wished that a shell would hit us and end our misery. Personally, I was not particular. It was nothing but bump, jolt, rattle, and bang.

Several times the driver would turn around and give us a "Cheero, mates, we'll soon be there—" fine fellows, those ambulance drivers, a lot of them go West, too.

We gradually drew out of the fire zone and pulled up in front of an immense dugout. Stretcher-bearers carried me down a number of steps and placed me on a white table in a brightly lighted room.

A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical corps removed my bandages and cut off my tunic. Then the doctor, with his sleeves rolled up, took charge. He winked at me and I winked back,

In "Blighty."

and then he asked, "How do you feel, smashed up a bit?"

I answered: "I'm all right, but I'd give a quid for a drink of Bass."

He nodded to the sergeant, who disappeared, and I'll be darned if he didn't return with a glass of ale. I could only open my mouth about a quarter of an inch, but I got away with every drop of that ale. It tasted just like Blighty, and that is heaven to Tommy.

The doctor said something to an orderly, the only word I could catch was "chloroform," then they put some kind of an arrangement over my nose and mouth and it was me for dreamland.

When I opened my eyes I was lying on a stretcher, in a low wooden building. Everywhere I looked I saw rows of Tommies on stretchers, some dead to the world, and the rest with fags in their mouths.

The main topic of their conversation was Blighty. Nearly all had a grin on their faces, except those who didn't have enough face left to grin with. I grinned with my right eye, the other was bandaged.

Stretcher-bearers came in and began to carry the Tommies outside. You could hear the chug of the engines in the waiting ambulances.

I was put into an ambulance with three others and away we went for an eighteen-mile ride.

I was on a bottom stretcher. The lad right across from me was smashed up something horrible.

Right above me was a man from the Royal Irish rifles, while across from him was a Scotchman.

We had gone about three miles when I heard the death-rattle in the throat of the man opposite. He had gone to rest across the Great Divide. I think at the time I envied him.

The man of the Royal Irish rifles had had his left foot blown off, the jolting of the ambulance over the rough road had loosened up the bandages on his foot, and had started it bleeding again. This blood ran down the side of the stretcher and started dripping. I was lying on my back, too weak to move, and the dripping of this blood got me in my unbandaged right eye. I closed my eye and pretty soon could not open the lid; the blood had congealed and closed it, as if it were glued down.

An English girl dressed in khaki was driving the ambulance, while beside her on the seat was a corporal of the R. A. M. C. They kept up a running conversation about Blighty which almost wrecked my nerves; pretty soon from the stretcher above me, the Irishman became aware of the fact that the bandage from his foot had become loose; it must have pained him horribly, because he yelled in a loud voice:

"If you don't stop this bloody death wagon and fix this d—— bandage on my foot, I will get out and walk."

The girl on the seat turned around and in a sympathetic voice asked, "Poor fellow, are you very badly wounded?"

The Irishman, at this question, let out a howl of indignation and answered, "Am I very badly wounded, what bloody cheek; no, I'm not wounded, I've only been kicked by a canary bird."

The ambulance immediately stopped, and the corporal came to the rear and fixed him up, and also washed out my right eye. I was too weak to thank him, but it was a great relief. Then I must have become unconscious, because when I regained my senses, the ambulance was at a standstill, and my stretcher was being removed from it.

It was night, lanterns were flashing here and there, and I could see stretcher-bearers hurrying to and fro. Then I was carried into a hospital train.

The inside of this train looked like heaven to me, just pure white, and we met our first Red Cross nurses; we thought they were angels. And they were.

Nice little soft bunks and clean, white sheets.

A Red Cross nurse sat beside me during the whole ride which lasted three hours. She was holding my wrist; I thought I had made a hit, and tried to tell her how I got wounded, but she would put her finger to her lips and say, "Yes, I know, but you mustn't talk now, try to go to sleep, it'll do you good, doctor's orders." Later on I learned that she was taking my pulse every few minutes, as I was very weak from the loss of blood and they expected me to snuff it, but I didn't.

From the train we went into ambulances for a short ride to the hospital ship Panama. Another palace and more angels. I don't remember the trip across the channel.

I opened my eyes; I was being carried on a stretcher through lanes of people, some cheering, some waving flags, and others crying. The flags were Union Jacks, I was in Southampton. Blighty at last. My stretcher was strewn with flowers, cigarettes, and chocolates. Tears started to run down my cheek from my good eye. I like a booby was crying. Can you beat it?—

Then into another hospital train, a five-hour ride to Paignton, another ambulance ride, and then I was carried into Munsey ward of the American Women's War hospital and put into a real bed.

This real bed was too much for my unstrung nerves and I fainted.

When I came to, a pretty Red Cross nurse was bending over me, bathing my forehead with cold water, then she left and the ward orderly placed a screen around my bed, and gave me a much-needed bath and clean pajamas. Then the screen was removed and a bowl of steaming soup was given me. It tasted delicious.

Before finishing my soup the nurse came back to ask me my name and number. She put this information down in a little book and then asked:

"Where do you come from?" I answered:

"From the big town behind the Statue of Liberty;" upon hearing this she started jumping up and down, clapping her hands, and calling out to three nurses across the ward:

"Come here, girls—at last we have got a real live Yankee with us."

They came over and besieged me with questions, until the doctor arrived. Upon learning that I was an American he almost crushed my hand in his grip of welcome. They also were Americans, and were glad to see me.

The doctor very tenderly removed my bandages and told me, after viewing my wounds, that he would have to take me to the operating theater immediately. Personally I didn't care what was done with me.

In a few minutes, four orderlies who looked like undertakers dressed in white, brought a stretcher to my bed and placing me on it carried me out of the ward, across a courtyard to the operating room or "pictures," as Tommy calls it.

I don't remember having the anesthestic applied.

When I came to I was again lying in a bed in Munsey ward. One of the nurses had draped a large American flag over the head of the bed, and clasped in my hand was a smaller flag, and it made me feel good all over to again see the "Stars and Stripes."

At that time I wondered when the boys in the trenches would see the emblem of the "land of the free and the home of the brave" beside them, doing its bit in this great war of civilization.

My wounds were very painful, and several times at night I would dream that myriads of khaki-clothed figures would pass my bed and each would stop, bend over me, and whisper, "The best of luck, mate."

Soaked with perspiration I would awake with a cry, and the night nurse would come over and hold my hand. This awakening got to be a habit with me until that particular nurse was transferred to another ward.

In three weeks' time, owing to the careful treatment received, I was able to sit up and get my bearings. Our ward contained seventy-five patients, 90 per cent of which were surgical cases. At the head of each bed hung a temperature chart and diagnosis sheet. Across this sheet would be written "G. S. W." or "S. W." the former meaning gun shot wound and the latter, shell wound. The "S. W." predominated, especially among the Royal Field artillery and Royal engineers.

About forty different regiments were represented, and many arguments ensued as to the respective fighting ability of each regiment. The rivalry was wonderful. A Jock arguing with an Irishman, then a strong Cockney accent would butt in in favor of a London regiment. Before long a Welshman, followed by a member of a Yorkshire regiment, and, perhaps, a Canadian intrude themselves and the argument waxes loud and furious. The patients in the beds start howling for them to settle their dispute outside and the ward is in an uproar. The head sister comes along and with a wave of the hand completely routs the doughty warriors and again silence reigns supreme.

Wednesday and Sunday of each week were visiting days and were looked forward to by the men, because they meant parcels containing fruit, sweets or fags. When a patient had a regular visitor, he was generally kept well supplied with these delicacies. Great jealousy is shown among the men as to their visitors and many word wars ensue after the visitors leave.

When a man is sent to a convalescent home, he generally turns over his steady visitor to the man in the next bed.

Continued Next Week.

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Now for many years ready to supply harnesses, whips, blankets and robes—all sorts of horse furnishing goods.

Trunks, suit cases, traveling bags—standard leather goods.

SMETHPORT, PA.

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DU FOUR SYSTEM

Try one of my Dry Shampoos at 35c. Regular Shampoos with Tonic applied 3 for $1.25.

All combings made up at 50c per oz. Du Four Toilet Articles on Sale

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ALWAYS THE BEST MEATS, POULTRY, FISH, OYSTERS, CHOICE GROCERIES.

OLEO 30c TO 37c POUND.

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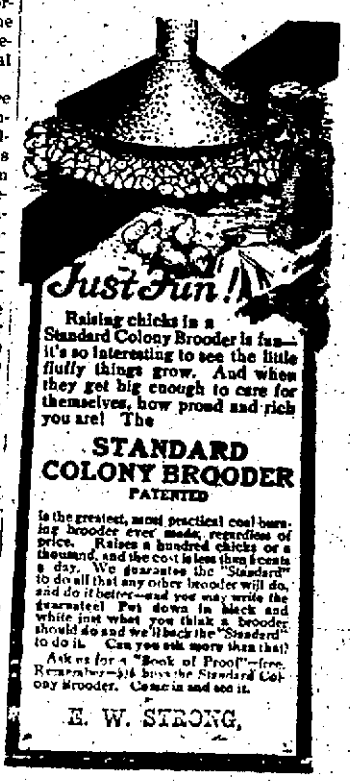

Raising chicks is a Standard Colony Brooder is fun—it's so interesting to see the little fluffy things grow. And when they get big enough to care for themselves, how proud and rich you are! The

STANDARD COLONY BROODER
PATENTED

is the greatest, most practical coal burning brooder ever made, regardless of price. Raises a hundred chicks or a thousand, and the cost is less than 5 cents a day. We guarantee the "Standard" to do all that any other brooder will do, and do it better—and you may write the guarantee! Put down in black and white just what you think a brooder should do and we'll back the "Standard" to do it. Can you ask more than that?

Ask us for a "Book of Proof"—free. Remember—we have the Standard Colony Brooder. Come in and see it.

E. W. STRONG,

AUTHORS AS LONG WALKERS

Dickens, Wadsworth, Southey, Fawcett and Others Were Classed as *Pedestrians of Prominence.*

It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of 180,000 miles. What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess, observes London Tit-Bits.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Professor Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course. He once walked 40 miles in eight hours, and at another time walked a distance of 80 miles in 24 hours.

Henry Fawcett, also, was a tireless walker, and one who, when deprived of sight, did not think of relinquishing this among many forms of exercise. His was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all his senses could enjoy nature more throughly than he.

Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of everyday life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country.

John Stuart Mill delighted in pedestrian tours, and Charles Lamb, though he loved town better than country, was one who believed in sweeping cobwebs from the brain by brisk and continuous walking.

WOMEN RUN OWN EXCHANGES

Much Expense Is Attached to Conducting These Praiseworthy Enterprises in Many Cities.

The general management of exchanges is about the same, wherever situated, says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. A room or shop is provided for the reception and display of women's work, with paid saleswomen to conduct the exchange on a business basis, competent bookkeepers registering goods received and keeping accurate accounts of sales and moneys due to consignors.

It is obvious that such an organization, even on a small scale, is an expensive undertaking and the items of rent, salaries, coal, lights, stationery, wrappings, telephone and postage comprise a formidable expense account, which should justly be borne by those who benefit from its maintenance. The revenues to meet expenses are obtained in three ways. First, by a small annual fee of from $2 to $5 from each consigning whose work is accepted; second, by a stipulated commission of from 10 per cent to 25 per cent, according to the size and location of the exchange, which is deducted from all sales; and third, from the dues of the board of managers and their personal donations.

Describing Happiness.

There are thousands of short story writers and minor poets who can deal very effectively with battlefields, slums, murders, shipwrecks, disease and a thousand forms of human degeneracy, observes the New York Independent, but they are incapable of making their characters happy without making them bored—and the reader likewise. The pessimist declares that evil, suffering and villainy are the natural materials of literature because they are the fundamental realities of life and happiness is only a mirage which disappears as one approaches it. The only trouble with this theory is that it isn't so. We know plenty of people who have been happy, though we have yet to meet the first of them who could describe how it felt.

Was a Good Waiter.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant for a bit to eat. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"

He Didn't Know.

Mark Twain and his peculiarities were being discussed by an English class in a high school. One youthful orator had very eloquently described Mark's personal appearance and had laid unusual stress on the author's fondness for wearing white flannels.

"Gee!" said one much-interested youth, "I don't see how the public knows whether his flannels are red or white."

The Village Belles.

"What called you to go to the village church, old man?"

"Why, the belles."

"The belles?"

"Yes."

"Take care you don't have to ring me of them."

Groceries At Cost

(A Going Out of Business Sale) which brings before the people of Smethport a large, well-organized stock of staple and fancy groceries. Here is a wonderful opportunity for everyone to purchase their groceries at and below present wholesale prices. Desiring to enter other fields of endeavor, we offer this large stock, nothing being reserved, to the people beginning Monday, June 3rd and continuing until all is gone. Everyone knows about the quality of goods carried by this store and everyone should be on hand to obtain their share of the bargains.

In this time of high prices all must make the dollar go as far as possible. Come to this sale and make two dollars do the work of three. Every day sees prices go higher, goods purchased today cannot be duplicated at the price a month later. Hence all should take advantage of these sale prices and lay in a supply to last some weeks.

MERCHANTS ATTENTION.

Store fixtures as Dayton Scales, a Coffee Mill, Show Cases, etc will be bargains. A horse with wagon, buggy, sleigh, harness, etc can be purchased for a low consideration.

CASH ONLY

Of course everything sold at these prices will be for cash; all goods charged will be at their regular prices. Deliveries will be made throughout the town.

Remember the entire stock is for sale. Do not miss this great money-saving sale.

A SAMPLE OF PRICES.

Coffees and Teas

Old Master Formerly 40 cents Now 32 cents
Lipton's Blend Coffee Formerly 35 cents Now 29 cents
Royal Blend Coffee Formerly 32 cents Now 27 cents
Buells Brighton Blend Formerly 32 cents Now 27 cents
Good Bulk Coffee Formerly 35 cents Now 28 cents
Fine Basket Fired Japan Tea Formerly 60 cents Now 47 cents

And others too numerous to mention.

Canned Goods.

Pie Peaches Formerly 25 cents Now 19 cents
Alaska Red Salmon Formerly 30 cents Now 25 cents
Tuna Fish Formerly 25 cents Now 20 cents
Canned Beans Formerly 18 cents Now 14 cents
Canned Beets Formerly 18 cents Now 14 cents
Campbell Soup Formerly 15 cents Now 11 cents
Canned Corn, Peas, Tomatoes and numerous other kinds

Miscellaneous.

All kinds of spices 8 cents
All kinds of Breakfast foods
Postum Cereal Regular 25 cent Now 19 cents
Prunes and Apricots
Cheese at 28 cents

SOAPS

Every cake of soap is certain to go higher. We have Fels Naptha, Ivory, Star, Oak Leaf, Octagon, Lenox, Fairy and many toilet soaps to offer at wholesale prices. Be sure to get your share. Some soaps 4 cents a bar

BOTTLED GOODS

A full line of Heinz Catsup, Pickles, Chow Chow, India Relish, etc are at bargain prices.

TOBACCO.

Prince Albert, Tuxedo, Velvet, Duke's Mixture and many others.

SPECIAL

A large assortment of olives and peanut butter. Raisens 12 cents a package. Maple Syrup $1.90 gallon. Vinegar 25 cents gallon.

Space forbids further. Remember these terms are for cash only. Here is a good opportunity for store keepers to stock up. Come and see.

Brownell's Grocery.

Phone 62-J. Groceries Delivered SMETHPORT, PA.

NEWLYWEDS DINE ON STEW

Wifey Prepares Dainty Morsel With Own Little Hands — But Physician Must Be Called for Hubby.

The cook had insisted on a day off, and young Mrs. Freshly-Wedd was in a quandary and her stunning new house gown of twisted percale, muses the Detroit Free Press.

"I'll make a stew—anybody can make a stew!" she cried.

And she proceeded to make a stew. In the icebox she found seven frankfurters, a dozen fried oysters and three pickled herring.

"How—fortunate—ment is the very importantest thing!" she exclaimed. And she chopped it all up and added three cupfuls of salt and two of pepper so as to be sure not to forget the seasoning. Then—because she knew that a stew must have lots of variety—she put in a glass of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of grated nutmeg, two packages of Saratoga chips, a can of salmon and a half cake of bitter chocolate.

At 6:30 Freshly-Wedd came home—her Ben, stalwart and handsome, who had never known an hour's illness in his life.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "What's that smell?"

"It's a stew I made for you wiv my own 'little hands,'" she told him.

"Divine aroma!" cried Freshly-Wedd, and forthwith sat down and ate two big platefuls, while his wife watched him so eagerly that she forgot to eat any herself.

Three hours later, in response to a hurry call, Doctor Blister drove up and rang the front doorbell. Query: Who was the patient, and why?

AMERICAN MANNERS OF TODAY

Prevailing Bearing in Thoroughfares and Street Cars Indicates That Courtesy Is on the Decline.

As for manners, we are kindhearted as a people and civil when appealed to, but no one would suspect it if our bearing in thoroughfares and street cars be a criterion. The spirit of the age is first come, first served; to be waived only in favor of the crippled and the positively infirm. Courtesy in the old-fashioned sense—the deference of the young for the seniors, of the stronger for the weaker sex, of the vigorous for the frail—if not extinct is so sporadic as to be noticeable when manifested. Robert Grant writes in the Yale Review. The young men who push their way forward in public conveyances retain without compunction the seats for which they have struggled.

Here again we have the philosophy of the tired business man: "I got there first; we are all equals in the United States, and I want to read my newspaper." The apotheosis of naturalness, and in self-defense we all more or less subscribe to it; but after all, it is natural for pigs to struggle for places at a trough. Well may we ask ourselves if it is impossible to safeguard independence, initiative and equality except at the cost of all the social graces that prevailed when society was more artificial.

"Outwitting the Hun" starts soon. THE MINER 14 weeks for 50c

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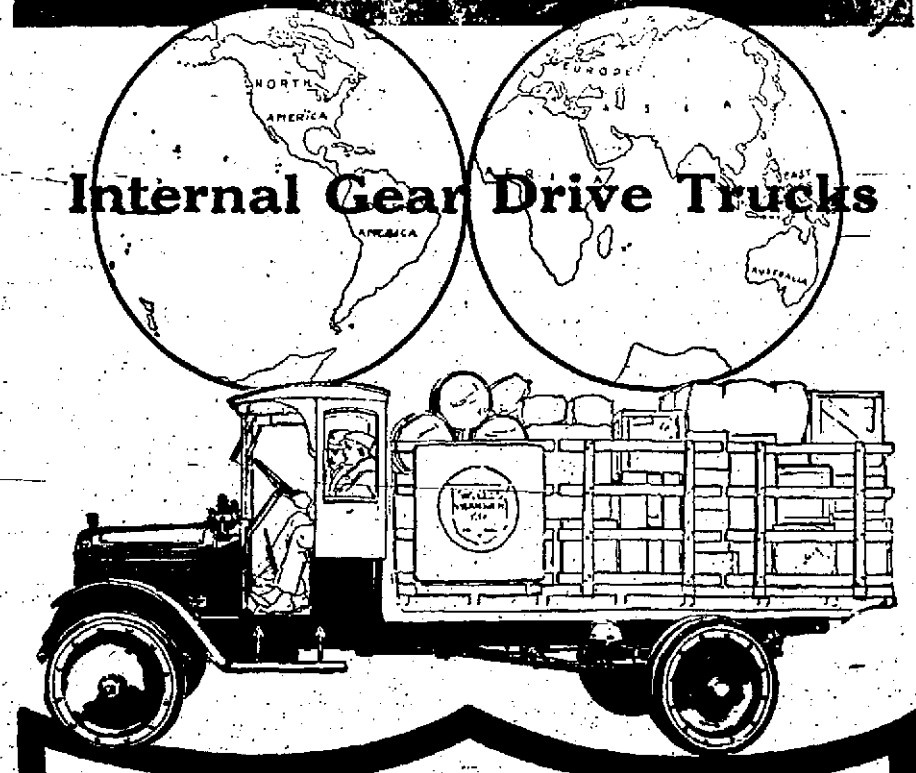

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Considering everything.

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REAL ESTATE, HORSES, FARM AND BUILDING LOTS.

ARE YOU GOING TO MOVE?

If so, you will assuredly consult your own best interests by first ascertaining what we have to offer in homes. However restricted or unlimited your income, we are very likely to have just the desired property on our lists—wont cost you anything to look at the list, or the properties. We have several fine farms, a number of nice homes, building lots, small tracts of timber, two fine work teams, and three used Automobiles. Costs you nothing to look.

"We bring buyer and seller together.
Office Imperial Hotel. Bell Phone.

ESTATE OF JOHN BLOOMSTER.

Late of Sergeant Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands to present the same, duly authenticated, without delay, to.

Frank W. Bloomster, and
James H. Bloomster,
Executors, Crosby, McKean Co., Pa.
Or to their attorney JOHN N. APPLE, Smethport, Pa.

May 1, 1918.

Draying

AND BAGGAGE DELIVERED TO AND FROM ALL STATIONS AT A REASONABLE RATE

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East Smethport

LAWN MOWERS
CHAS. W. MASSER,
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